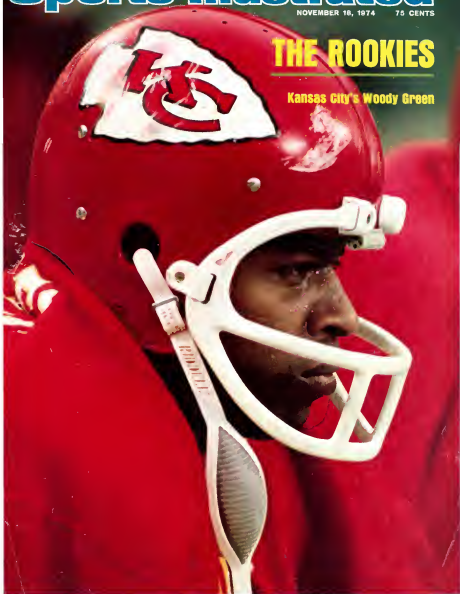


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 18, 1974 75 CENTS

THE ROOKIES

Kansas City's Woody Green



PARKER 75



No part of this \$2,800 watch is made more precisely than the point of a Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen.

The point of a Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is not large. Fifty points, side by side, measure one inch.

For this pen to write the way we want it to—clean, crisp, without skip or blob—the point must be as near a perfect sphere as we can make it.

Though we take three weeks to make the point, perfection escapes us.

We can, however, come close. We allow a maximum deviation of ten-millionths of an inch in its sphericity. We are equally demanding but less

successful in controlling the diameter. A given batch of balls may vary from another of the same point size by plus or minus 100 millionths of an inch.

The stainless steel socket in which our point turns must also be very true. Into the medium ball point socket, for example, we put six channels, each about four-thousandths of an inch in width and depth. Through these the ink moves to the point.

The interesting thing about all this is we take this trouble with the

disposable parts of the 75 Classic Ball Pen. These are all parts of the refill cartridge.

Needless to say, we worry as much, if not more so, about those parts you keep.

The slender Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. Though it's made up of approximations, it does make a very nice gift.



PARKER

World's most wanted pens

Parker 75 Classic Ball Pens from \$5 to \$45. Matching pencils. Ample engraving area for full monogram.



Excel! Excel!

Cross-country skiing, as more than a million Americans have discovered, exhilarates the spirit while tiring the body. Also, it doesn't cost much.

We, Kodak, would like to see a great many more miles covered on skis this season than last. An aim point in miles for the season makes it harder for a person to cancel out and take a long nap after lunch instead. To fight this regrettable inclination, we and the United States Ski Association offer "Medals for Miles—Kodak Cross-Country Ski Awards." Ask your ski shop, photo retailer, or ski club for a logbook.*

You may wonder why Kodak should care how many miles get covered on skis. We

care for the same reason that we sponsor college scholarships through the America's Junior Miss Pageant, the Kodak All-America Football Team, Coach-of-the-Year Awards in college football, events in basketball and golf, science fair awards for one type of youngster, Teen-Age Movie Awards for another direction of youth interest, the 4-H Photography Project in 50 states.

We like to think that we are thereby promoting photography. We may be kidding ourselves. It may be that what we are really promoting is admiration for excellence and ambition to excel!

A society that loses interest in excellence is sick. In a sick society, business is bad.

*We name the United States Ski Association 1225 Champa Street, North, 800 Denver, Colorado 80202.



"Sometimes I think the world is one big tobacco plantation."

A few off-the-cuff insights from Amphora's Henk Kramer, the Marco Polo of pipe tobacco.

"Every year I travel to almost every part of the earth. It's not that I like to live out of a suitcase. As Director of Leaf Purchases for Douwe Egberts, my job is to buy good tobacco. And some outstanding tobaccos grow in just about a hundred countries. I don't think I've missed one of them.

"In order to produce Amphora's balanced flavor, I go to Tanzania, Brazil, Indonesia and, of course, the U.S.A. In Greece my shopping list includes such exotic tobaccos as Basma, Katerini, Kaba-Kulak and Bashi Ragli. From Bulgaria comes Harmanli, Krumovgrad and Nevrokop. We import Samsun and Broussa from Turkey and from Yugoslavia we obtain Pripek, Otlja and Djebel. Beautiful names. Marvelous aromatic tobaccos."



"The funny part is that in tobacco, the 'who' is more important than the 'where'."

"Although I travel to every tobacco growing region I know that a tobacco leaf is only as good as its parentage. Give me a tobacco seed with a good genetic background, fawn over it with tender loving care, add the right environment, and you'll end up with a solid citizen of a tobacco. No matter where it was brought up. That's why you can grow superior Virginia-type tobaccos in Malawi. And outstanding Burley in Mexico."

VIRGINIA? BURLEY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

"Let me back up a bit. Basically, there are four kinds of pipe tobacco. Flue-cured. Air-cured. Fire-cured. And sun-cured. Curing simply means the different processes for drying and fermenting specific types of tobacco after they're harvested.

"For example, Burley is air-cured tobacco. It has great bouquet and is sweeter than Virginia tobaccos.

"By itself, Virginia is more sharp than sweet. But it's a more aromatic tobacco than Burley. Virginia is what we call a flue-cured tobacco. And when you bring Virginia and Burley tobaccos together some wonderful things start to happen."



WHEN YOU BLEND TOBACCO, IT'S LIKE MAKING A DELICIOUS SOUP.

"Nothing really good happens with tobacco or soup, until you have all the right ingredients in harmony. Take salt, for example. By itself, it tastes uncomfortable. But put it in soup, and its tasty personality emerges.

"The same thing with tobacco. There are dark, air-cured types that are slightly sweet and a little heavy all by themselves. But put them in a blend in the right proportions with some mildly sharp Virginia types, and you end up with a tobacco that's great to taste and has a beautiful aroma."

"We have a saying at Amphora, 'if you start off good, you end up good.' Which means you should always start with a good vintage, otherwise the blend won't balance. (For example, we use twenty rare tobaccos in Amphora. High-grade Virginia types are wedded to Burley and Oriental tobaccos for their specific characters.) But there's more to making a good blend, than just blending it."



HOW WE GET THE MILDNESS WE WANT INTO OUR TOBACCO.

"The tobaccos we buy are shipped to our factory in Joaze, Holland. There they are mellowed by time, temperature and pressure. We age our tobaccos twice so that they may mature gracefully. Aging tobaccos the slow Cavendish way achieves the same results as aging fine wines. The tobacco becomes smoother, while the bite is eliminated. Only the flavor remains.

"I suppose this sounds like a commercial, but I sincerely believe that no other pipe tobacco receives the care and attention we give to Amphora. Probably, that's why you Americans made Amphora your most popular imported pipe tobacco."

Henk Kramer learned tobacco from his father who was Douwe Egberts' Director of Leaf Purchases before Henk earned the title. Henk can tell you more about pipe tobacco than anyone else we know. But if you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco, please write directly to us: Douwe Egberts, Inc., 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, California 91311.

You could write to Henk Kramer, but the last we heard he was somewhere east of the Cameroons.

No matter what your choice in a new GM car or truck, there's a choice of sensational Delco sound systems you can order for it.

Delco sound systems are the factory-installed equipment available on Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Cadillac passenger cars, as well as on Chevrolet and GMC trucks.

Your GM dealer can offer you a wide choice of sound pleasures in Delco stereo systems*. On most car models you can order an AM-FM stereo radio with a 10-station pushbutton tuner or even an AM-FM stereo radio with a stereo tape deck and Crossfire speakers.

Delco Electronics, producer of Delco stereo systems, has

specialized in GM car radios for more than 38 years. Delco sound systems are built to the standards of each GM car and truck division.



So when you're considering which new car you want, be sure to consider which Delco sound system you want.

Let your dealer know you want Delco. Delco Electronics. The sound of General Motors.

Delco stereo. Sound choice for GM car buyers.



*Check your dealer for specific Delco radio availability by car model. Radios shown are (top to bottom): Chevrolet AM with stereo tape; Pontiac AM-FM stereo with stereo tape; Cadillac AM-FM signal seeking stereo; Buick AM-FM stereo with stereo tape; Oldsmobile AM-FM stereo.

What's it like to be the mother of three kids when you're already the father?

There's no one way to describe it because it's different for every man who loses his wife.

But no matter what kind of an emotional adjustment he has to



make, he still has to deal with the economic realities. Somebody's got to take care of the kids and the house. Which may mean hiring a full-time housekeeper.

If his wife had a job, as four out of ten mothers^{*} do these days, that extra money is gone. Money that could have helped later on with the mortgage or the kids' education.

Maybe that's why the traditional idea of insuring the wife with only a token amount

doesn't make as much sense anymore.

The Travelers life insurance people have developed a number of plans to meet the needs of today's family.

Since each plan is a little different, you really ought to look up your local Travelers agent in the Yellow Pages to find out which one's right for you.

But do it soon. And do it together.



THE TRAVELERS
Maybe we can help.

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Next week

A HOCKEY ORIGINAL Goaltie Ken Dryden of Montreal faces a stern weeklong test in his comeback. Proving that burner could be the saving of his troubled team, says Mark Malvo.

SKI AWAY from it all into the back valleys of Austria where, William Johnson finds, the slopes are uncrowded, the snowy settings unbeatable—and the schnapps unparalleled.

WHERE IT'S AT has been the U.S. Geological Survey's concern for 95 years. Bill Gilbert describes how some Survey maps can spot you to within 40 feet on the face of the earth.



Brawny--That's the word for these Lee doubleknit jeans and matching shirt-jac. The cut hails from the West. In every detail. Right down to the stylish flare. And comfort comes from the new non-glitter, snag-resistant doubleknit of 100% Dacron® polyester. The shirt-jac about \$28, jeans about \$16. From The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Lee™ A company of V Corporation

**Your goal for the morning
is 7 miles. When your odometer reads
3.5 you can head back home.**



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you get more
out of your bike
with a
Stewart-Warner
speedometer.**

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And whether you ride for sport, recreation or whatever, a good speedometer makes it more fun. And more practical. You wouldn't drive a car without one, would you?

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And bikes. Factory warranted for 1 year.

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**A great gift
for Christmas**



Honeywell Pentax ESII -- a camera for the busy, demanding man on the move.



You've always admired the work of good photographers. But you've been too busy to invest the time necessary to master complex cameras, lenses and lights—the complicated tools you knew would have to become second nature to you before you could hope to achieve truly outstanding photographs.

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Because now, with our 35mm Honeywell Pentax ESII, there are no complicated dials for you to master. No difficult readings to take. And no needles to match.

Instead, the ESII has a built-in meter and an electronic shutter that take care of these calculations for you. And assure you of pleasing exposures, even if lighting conditions change or your subject moves. Which means you can forget about the mechanics and spend your time concentrating on creativity and composition.

With the ESII camera, all you have to do is focus and shoot. Period. It does all the rest. And gives you just the

exposure you need. Or if you wish to control your own exposure, you can take the ESII off automatic and choose from among six shutter speeds, 8 to 1/1000 seconds. The Pentax ESII is no glorified automatic snapshot camera, either. It's an incredibly sophisticated machine with precision-tooled parts nestled in a body that weighs just two pounds, one ounce.

It comes with an optically superb 50mm f/1.4 or 55mm f/1.8 lens and can be used with any of our 23 other flare-fighting Super-Multi-Coated-Takumars from extreme wide-angle to telephoto. If you're too busy to learn photography but too demanding to settle for less than outstanding results, see your Honeywell dealer for a demonstration of the Pentax ESII or write us for FREE literature. Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 104-471, P.O. Box 22083, Denver, Colorado 80222.

In Canada, McQueen Sales Ltd., a Honeywell subsidiary. Honeywell Pentax in the U.S. and Mexico. Asahi Pentax elsewhere.

Now you don't have to lower your standard of driving to get good gas mileage—

Here are the Gas Mileage Test Results as published by the EPA for all 1975 Oldsmobiles:

	CAR LINE	ENGINE	FUEL ECONOMY (EPA ESTIMATE)	
			City	Highway
	STARFIRE	2.3i V6	19	25
	OMEGA	250/L6	16	21
		260/V8	15	19
		350/V8*	14	19
		350/V8**	14	18
	CUTLASS	250/L6	16	21
		260/V8	15	19
		350/V8	15	20
		455/V8	13	19
	CUTLASS WAGON	350/V8	14	18
		455/V8	13	18
	DELTA 88	350/V8	14	18
		455/V8	13	18
	OLDS 98	400/V8	11	15
		455/V8	12	16
	CUSTOM CRUISER	400/V8	11	15
		455/V8	12	16
	TORONADO	455/V8	11	16

*V6, Toronado; **V6, Cutlass.

Figures are based on tests for vehicles equipped with factory purchased optional equipment. The actual fuel economy achieved will vary depending upon the type of driving, vehicle condition, as well as wind resistance, and the optional equipment engaged and road and weather conditions.

If you're considering buying a 1975 car, your Olds Dealer thinks it's important for you to take a good look at the Federal Environmental Protection Agency figures, which have been published for makes and models of all manufacturers. See your Olds Dealer for additional information.

1975 Oldsmobile

IT'S A GOOD FEELING TO HAVE AN OLDS AROUND YOU.





14th to 16th centuries EARLY AND HIGH RENAISSANCE

Giotto, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, Dürer, Bruegel... an age of artistic genius and royal giants - in England, Henry the Eighth fought wars, won, and the Church... in Russia, Ivan the Terrible waged his reign of terror... and in Italy, Cesare Borgia added new conquests to the Papal domain... while artists who believed in the harmony of the universe, perfected new techniques, enabling those who followed to find deeper areas of expression...



16th and 17th centuries THE BAROQUE PERIOD

Rembrandt, Caravaggio, Rubens, Velázquez, Bernini, Vermeer... created flesh-and-blood people in a recognizable world - portraiture that probed beneath the surface... artists that went above and beyond which seemed to speak. In France, Louis XIV declared himself to be The State, and built the Palace at Versailles. Spanish influence waned. Holland gained sovereignty of the seas, and began her Golden Age in art. One of the most dramatic eras in Europe's history, it finally gave way to...

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The exquisite color reproductions of the **TIME-LIFE LIBRARY OF ART** will show you how the great masters used

form, color, and harmony in fresh new ways. The richness of a Van Gogh yellow, for instance... the blended softness and subtlety of Renoir's pastel tints... the audacity of Matisse... will educate your eye to see the world in richer, more satisfying ways. And in the light of your enlarged perception, people, places, objects, will take on new significance. You'll even see yourself - your feelings, your thoughts - with deepened understanding.

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18th and Early 19th century ROCOCO...NEO-CLASSIC...ROMANTIC

... an age of profound social change, the American and French revolutions, the Industrial Revolution in England and the rise of the common man - a confusion reflected in art's search of styles - everything from the airy and superficial - to the coldly austere - to the eventual triumph of genuine emotion. The era produced Turner, Delacroix and Daubigny - and a Spanish genre named Goya, whose uniquely personal style defied category. The stage was set for



19th century IMPRESSIONISM & POST-IMPRESSIONISM

Musee, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Rodin, Renoir, Gauguin - modern art's first rebels - artists who rendered nature's reality intuitively. The supremacy of the artist's personal vision arose in a world of scientific and political turmoil. The adventures of dynamite, the war-torn, and the suffragin - Darwin published *On the Origin of Species* and Marx published *Das Kapital* - and this era of radical change launched the fight into

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LIFE
BOOKS

Examine THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH for 10 days free as a guest of the TIME-LIFE LIBRARY OF ART



20th century CUBISM...SURREALISM... ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM

Picasso, Matisse, Duchamp, Calder, Dali, Modigliani, Pollock, Klee - the 20th Century artists who challenged the very definitions of art. Responding to modern technology, Freud, the Depression, World Wars I and II, isolation and hyperactivity, the collapse of empires, the telephone and cinema, the 20th Century artist was creating in a world unlike anything that ever existed before - and he produced art unlike anything ever seen before.

Actual book size: 9" x 12".
Illustrated slipcase, hard covers,
188 pages, 160 illustrations,
12 in full color.

Among the volumes
in the
TIME-LIFE
LIBRARY OF ART





Each Christmas
the grown-up Clantons
created chaos.

*They played with the electric
trains, the toy trucks, the balls and the bats.*

*You name it. The Clanton kids
were left with nothing.*

*Last Christmas,
Grandma Clanton saved
the day. She put
Early Times under the tree.*

*Early Times.
In the Clanton clan,
it's the gift that
separates the men...
from the toys.*



Early Times.
To know us is to love us.

Shopwalk

by KEITH MAND

ANYONE CAN FOOT THE BILL: GOOD SPORT FOR 49 CENTS

You know how it goes. Rain outside at a merriment of dirty slush. You're overweight. If you inhale deeply twice, bright sparks dance across your retinas. Jogging ranks with an amputation for sheer fun. The health club charges enough to pay off George Foreman's alimony. The kids are restless. You want to do something. More! Run Sweat! Make imaginary over-the-head catches, cross body blocks. Go one-on-one with your own shadow. Anything.

Now you can. Indolent. At any hour. Without expensive equipment. Without rehearsing your wife's Tiffany lamp. Exercise. Strong competition. A challenge for anyone eight years and up. Feetball.

This is how it all came about. A Saturday afternoon last winter, four inches of snow lay plastered over the one-wall handball court at my local high school. I was lettering in the playroom, half-sick with thwarted energy. One of our 14 cats pawed an old pink Spalddeen out from under the sofa. I ate uses humble again. Absentmindedly, I kicked the small rubber ball against a low brick ledge in front of my fireplace. It came back. I returned it. And again. And again. Left-right, left-right. Faster. I called my wife down. She felt my forehead with the back of her hand. Hell, they laughed at Nasomith and his peach basket. I addressed the ball. My wife returned it. In five minutes we had 20-shot volleys going. I soberant, I unloaded on the Spalddeen, whoomp into my fireplace. I stood there, visibly shaken, as gray dust settled in the grate. By George, I had just invented feetball.

Blooming Grove, N.Y. is now the feetball capital of America. I am the world singles champion, an innovator's prerogative. My 9-year-old son plays with his friends. My wife and I play mixed doubles with the neighbors. Feetball comes easily. The side of your foot is a big area (the sole is always used, never the toe) and your living-room wall is a big target. Even people who tend to dribble a basketball on their own insteaps can play feetball competively after one or two practice volleys. It's a game of position and strategy. The exercise is sweet: a 21-point feetball game is worth 10 miserable minutes jogging. And unlike handball, the rules of which are similar and the scoring identical, you don't have to bend down for the durned ball after every point.

The secret of feetball is wonderfully simple. It was suggested by my low brick ledge.

A good ball for indoor play is one that bounces well when it hits a hard surface such as a wall. I suggest using a rubber ball, one on your wall 10 feet away, or a floor. Depending on skill and steps, one can use rollers, bounces or one foot drives. Any outdoor ball is fine; the harder the better. You don't need much resistance, though the low bouncing shot is favorite with very advanced players. It requires nice skill to return a shot with ankle or shin and keep it below the 10-inch line. A return must hit and come back at least five inches. Shots that just roll to rest against the wall are out.

In essence, then, football is three-wall handball played with the feet. Serves are struck against the front wall; they may then rebound from either sidewall. Returns to the front wall may be direct or they may carom off a sidewall first. Handball is played by bounces, since bounces are irrelevant in football; point or serve is lost any time a ball goes past a player to the fourth wall or stops dead. Dimensions vary with room size. You'll need at least a nine-foot front wall for doubles, seven or eight for singles. Allow yourself eight-foot depth. Dimensions should be adjusted to the player's experience, more room for beginners, less for experts.

Plants are suited by this sport. A ball hitting the ball returns rebounded naturally to be blocked. For interference, blocks, under the net or doubles, etc., handball loses out.

I recommend bare or stocking feet for the beginner. Splitters, of course, are a good idea. But if you floor is very uneven, bare or stocking feet will minimize the wear. Football played with shoes is terribly fast. It requires tremendous agility and elastic, glacial muscles. The basic academic football address is a wide, out foot arc, of the leg, striking foot perpendicular to the braced foot. Rapid action seldom allows time to set both legs for the characteristic, upward arc. Yet my son can play the event up with just a slight self-imposed handicap in velocity on my part. Football is an ideal wet afternoon recreation for children.

Football was a sport for all seasons, especially for this season, when ready cash is short and a day on the golf course can run you 20 bucks. It is exciting, yet easy to learn; you don't need expensive lessons from some jaded football pro. A workable football kit costs 49¢ at I. W. Woodworth if you don't have an old Spalden under the sofa, and every home in America has an old Spalden under the sofa. Last winter, with thermostats

in one room and no heating, I found my young sons (10 and 11 years old) with football shoes under the sofa.

The usual rules are found in *Football, 1971*, by the United States Football Federation. However, it is revised already, being at the present as late as 1975 football rules.

SUMMARY OF RULES

- 1) Ball rests on floor is the front wall. It is served by striking it with the foot perpendicular to the front wall.
- 2) Any shot hit above the 10-inch line from the front wall is lost. Serves must hit the front wall, but may then carom off either sidewall.
- 3) The server should stand six feet from the front wall.
- 4) Shots may bounce any number of times but must be returned below the 10-inch line.
- 5) Returns may first hit either sidewall before the front wall.
- 6) Shots must rebound at least five inches from the front wall. Balls that roll to rest against the wall are out.
- 7) Returns must be struck below the 10-inch line.
- 8) The ball cannot be stopped and set for to be hit.
- 9) Players have only one shot at setting with foot. If you whiff, you lose; point or serve.

END

What you hold in your heart belongs in a Buxton.



Woodbridge Cardholder \$10.00

A Buxton is the perfect place to hold memories as well as the practical things in life like credit and ID cards, cash, licenses, and anything you'd normally put into your wallet. And a Buxton carries it all off in great style. Here are three honest leather masterpieces. Woodbridge is Puritan Cowhide with a traditional antiqued finish. Westminster is Ascent Cowhide with a stately touch. Montevideo is a rich, yet subtle Vaquero Cowhide. Buxton also makes matching accessories and belts priced from \$4.00 to \$12.50.



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We're waiting for a car that's big enough for our family, but offers the economy of the smaller cars.

The new Small Fury combines room for a

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I'm waiting for a car that's small. And sporty.

What you've been waiting for is the new Small Fury. It's sporty. With bright metal trim, sleek hood and roof line, plenty of glass area and a new grille treatment. You can have sport options like a sun roof, custom wheel covers and a console. The Small Fury, at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.



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You can quit waiting. Here's "The Clincher." Chrysler's new 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. "For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1975 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage." The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.



It's Here. The Small Fury.



OUR IRISH WHISKEY COULD BECOME THE GREATEST NAME IN SCOTCH.

Ever since our \$20,000 Chicago Taste Testing Competition proved that Tullamore Dew was every bit as smooth and light and mellow as the leading scotches, a lot of scotch drinkers have been asking for it by name.

The wrong name.

They've been calling it "Tullamore Dew Scotch," or just "Tullamore Scotch," when, in fact, Tullamore Dew is a blended Irish whiskey.

But we understand.

You see, Tullamore Dew has a taste that is unlike any Irish whiskey, and, in the opinion of an increasing number of former scotch drinkers, actually more pleasing than the scotch they used to drink.

It's no wonder that a lot of people have switched to Tullamore Dew without realizing they were giving up their scotch for an Irish whiskey, but if the trend continues, it could get a little confusing.

So before we find Tullamore Dew topping a list of the world's great scotches, we just want to make sure you know it for what it is: a smooth, light, mellow Irish whiskey.

Try Tullamore Dew, if you haven't already. And try, also, to get the name right.

**TULLAMORE DEW
BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY.
IT'S WHAT A LOT
OF FORMER SCOTCH DRINKERS
ARE DRINKING.**



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE GAME BOOK OF THE STEELERS: ONE YEAR'S MOVES AND BROKEN PLAYS

The literature of pro football continues to grow, albeit slowly. The game has produced little fiction of merit, but the list of good non-fiction gets longer and longer. The newest addition is one of the best: Roy Blount Jr.'s *About Three Bricks Sky of a Load* (Little, Brown, \$8.95).

Readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* already know what Blount is up to, as three excerpts from the book ran in the magazine earlier this year. But those articles gave only the barest hint of the quality of the book. Much of the attraction of *Three Bricks* lies in its leisurely, good-humored pace; read in full, the book proves to be far funnier, deeper and livelier than the excerpts indicated.

Subtitled "A Highly Irregular Lowdown on the Year the Pittsburgh Steelers Were Super But Missed the Bowl," Blount's book is precisely that: a training-camp-to-play-off account of the team's 1973 season. Comparisons with *Paper Lion* are doubtless inevitable, and they are by no means unfavorable to Blount. He did not actually participate in the action, as George Plimpton did, but his book contains much the same exuberance and irreverence that made Plimpton's so attractive.

Blount's cast of characters is varied, ranging from such humorists as Offensive Line-men Bruce Van Dyke and Ray Mansfield to the upright, upright head coach, Chuck Noll, to the gruff, amiable and universally beloved owner, Art Rooney. All are portrayed succinctly and, even in the case of those whose spirits do not wheel as freely as Blount's, sympathetically.

The Steelers, it will be recalled, started 1973 with grand hopes but ended the year being stomped by Oakland. Blount makes no attempt to hoke up the drama of the season; he simply moves along, as the players do, from game to game and problem to problem, so that the book unfolds with the measured movement of the season itself.

Along the way he offers a marvelous jumble of delights. We meet manic fans, hangers-on, groupies, wives, old veterans and neomiss rookies. We get an intimate look at the pain that is an inescapable part of pro football, the camaraderie of the dressing room, the relationships (generally friendly) between black and white players. We even get Blount's semi-tongue-in-cheek suggestions for living up the pro game. They are almost as lively as his book, and that is saying something.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRUICKSHANK

BOWLING THEM UNDER

College football coaches are striving on the benefits of competition, but after what happened to bowl-bound teams last weekend, when several that had already been tapped were beaten (page 62), even they might agree that it can be overdone.

Bowl selection committees, under pressure from TV networks with which they are affiliated, have always pressed for earlier dates for choosing their teams. In response the NCAA adopted a rule in 1967 barring selection before the third week in November. It was honored in the breach, and this season the rule was dropped. The pressures against holding that deadline, apparently, were too great.

The NCAA, the bowls and the networks will do better for the game and themselves by readopting the old-date rule and setting it back to, say, Dec. 1, when most teams have completed their schedules and the country has a fairly good idea who should be playing in the postseason games. If the three do not, they will get exactly what they deserve: large blocks of empty seats and TV ratings that won't stand up against those of "Mickey Mouse" reruns.

THE FALL OF ACADEME

Sociologist Gideon Aran gives every impression of being a man who is onto something. The question is, what?

Jumping straight into his subject, he wrote in the *American Journal of Sociology*, "The unusual social aspects of parachuting provide a rich potential for sociological study." Then he turned the air cloudy.

"Within a few moments, the highly integrated collectivity that has dominated its individual members (pregame phase) changes drastically into a tenuous, anomie social situation that gives rise to a very egocentric individuality followed by a return to the former state (postgame phase). This bipolarity of parachuting provides a rare opportunity to study a nearly ideal-typical manifestation of ex-

treme opposite social forms contained within an organizational setting. The sequence of the three phases of the jump, and the dialectical relationship between them, is analyzed here in terms of personal regression leading to social regression, and vice versa."

Sort of makes you hope the parachutes never open.

BAD SKATES (CONT.)

The crackdown on hockey violence (*SCORECARD*, Nov. 11) continues, this time in the place where most observers think it is long overdue, the National Hockey League. For their disgraceful conduct during a game in Oakland on Oct. 23, the Philadelphia Flyers' Mad Dog Kelly and Don Saleski were suspended for six games without pay by League President Clarence Campbell.

Earlier, the Ontario Hockey Association, which supplies the bulk of the amateur players to the pros, voted stiff penalties for fighting, including 10 minutes in the penalty box for starting a fight and a misconduct penalty and automatic two-game suspension for a player receiving a second major penalty in a game for any combination of infractions.

Penalizing the players will help to cool off the bully boys but it will not stop them. Eleven days after the Oakland incident, in which Kelly and Saleski invaded the penalty box to assault California's Mike Christie while the Flyers cordoned off the area, Philadelphia was in another Pier 6 brawl, this one with the New York Islanders. The Flyers' Moose Dupont drew a double game misconduct, meaning he was kicked out.

Flyer Coach Fred Shero, who, incidentally, supported the amateur rules changes, is directly responsible for his team's behavior, but the ultimate responsibility has to lie with management, which for the time being is profiting royally from the Flyers' deliberately rough tactics. If somebody does not knock sense into some team officials' heads, one of these days a riot on ice is going

to spread to the stands with tragic consequences. There is a difference between hard play and outrageous roughness and if the Flyers cannot see this the league should, and impose far harsher sanctions than any so far.

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT . . .

It is early yet, but last week the No. 1 major league city in the country was tied for first in the American Conference East of the National Football League, first in the Adams Division of the National Hockey League, first in the Atlantic Division of the National Basketball Association. Place named Buffalo.

WHAT A WAY TO GO

Every section of the country has its own version of the nation's No. 1 football fan, but until a more dedicated one comes along the title will have to sit on the throbbing brow of Charlie Winkler, who lives—and is planning to die—with the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers.



Charlie is given to the usual extravaganzas of *gens extrêmes*—the 200-mile round-trip drive between his home in Grand Isle and Lincoln for scrimmages, years of perfect attendance at home and road games, the red wardrobe, the visits alone to empty Memorial Stadium just to sit—the whole bit. It is what he has planned that sets him apart. Charlie, who is 52 and takes tranquilizers before games to steady his nerves, has told

continued

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everybody that if he has a seizure at a game he wants them to take him down to the respirator and roll him over so that he is facing the field.

"That way maybe I can see one last touchdown," he says. "Then I want a helicopter to drift slowly over the stadium, spreading my ashes. People can look up and say, 'Hey, cover your Cokes and hot dogs. Here comes old Charlie floatin' down. Ain't he a prize.'"

NO DICE

It was not a good election year for sportsmen. While the voters did send old AFL Quarterback Jack Kemp and ex-Olympian Ralph Metcalfe back to Washington, Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell, the onetime Cardinal pitcher, and Olympic decathlon champion Bob Mathias got their unconditional releases. So did the nation's first conservationist-turned-governor, Francis Sargent of Massachusetts (SI, April 22). Baltimore rejected a stadium improvement bond issue and, perhaps most interesting, the New Jersey electorate went heavily against casino gambling.

Many factors beat the casinos. The amendment was poorly drawn, its proponents weak and disorganized. Garden State sports personalities like Bowie Kuhn and Bill Bradley spoke against it. So did the churches, including the Roman Catholic, which raises considerable revenue through bingo. Mostly, though, New Jersey citizens went for the scare argument that the presence of casinos in Atlantic City must also mean underworld domination.

Perhaps they are right and the state cannot enforce its laws. It is a sad admission, but sadder will be the further deterioration of that once grand watering spot, at about the time some other Eastern state—New York, Florida, Maryland, Rhode Island—gives casinos a chance to prove they can be run in as civilized a fashion in this country as they are in, say, London. Casinos don't have to be bad medicine.

PARRYING MUTUEL

If one man should be able to get an international beat down he is John Schapiro, who as president of Laurel Race Course promotes the Washington D.C. International. He did not, and he is still trying to figure out where he did wrong.

Three weeks ago he went to Toronto to scout Dablia, the fine filly that came

in a disappointing third in this year's International (page 80), and paused for what he thought was going to be a moment to venture \$300 on the horse for a friend. Before placing the wager, his U.S. currency had to be exchanged for Canadian, for which there is a 2% charge. He approached the exchange clerk and gave him the \$300 plus \$10 and said, "Give me \$300 Canadian and take the 2% out of the \$10."

"Can't do that, sir."

"Why not?"

"If I accept the \$10, I will be exchanging it also and will have to charge exchange for that."

"Fine."

"Can't, sir. I would actually only be taking \$6 and would have to charge the 12¢ for exchange."

"Let's start over. Give me 10 U.S. dollar bills for the \$10." The clerk did.

"Now, here's the \$6 for exchanging the \$300. Take the 12¢ for exchanging the \$6 and keep the change for yourself."

"Can't, sir. We must deal in the exact amount. You will have to give me \$6 American and 12¢ Canadian."

"But I don't have the 12¢ Canadian, and won't unless you exchange the seventh dollar."

"Impossible, sir. We don't deal in change at these windows. I had better accept only your \$300 and give you \$294 in exchange."

"How, then, am I going to be able to bet \$300 for my friend?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Let's forget the whole affair. Give me back all the money."

The clerk did. Dablia won, of course, paying \$2.90—Canadian.

EYE IN THE STORM?

Good grief! That bonehead play that made a cartoon caricature of Washington & Lee Defensive Back Charley Brown (SCORECARD, Oct. 21) wasn't dumb after all. Movies showed that Brown made a touchback and not a safety. The goof was strictly the officials'.

This comes as no surprise. Bad calls happen all the time in football. The wonder is that, with the bewildering array of rules they must enforce and 22 men dashing all over the large field, referees don't blow more of them. Ohio State's Woody Hayes, who even before this weekend (page 28) held strong views on the subject, agrees and says the time has come to help out officials with instant-replay

television. He puts the argument tactfully: "Officials don't like to make a bad call and they don't like to be criticized for making a good call. There are angles and intervening objects that keep officials from seeing what they think they saw."

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of fans also agree, but should they? After hearing out Art McNally, supervisor of the NFL's officials, we doubt it. What on the surface seems a practical solution does not hold up under closer examination. For instance, McNally asks, "How would the fans in Minnesota, on a cold day late in the season, enjoy sitting there all that extra time while the officials studied replays somewhere off on the sideline?"

"Which plays—if not all the plays—are subject to review? Scoring plays? It may not be the touchdown run from four yards out that upsets the team scored on but the pass interference call at the four-yard line that set up the touchdown."

"Who should be allowed to bring up complaints? A coach? A team captain? A defensive left end who was held on the play? And who changes the call if the replays indicate the play had been called incorrectly?"

McNally thinks it would take 12 cameras to give proper coverage. The networks use four to six on telecasts, he says, and many times only one gets the play. And the angle on that one can be misleading, often enough, nobody would have discovered the fact until Tuesday when a spectator appeared with a picture he took that showed the officials never should have changed their call.

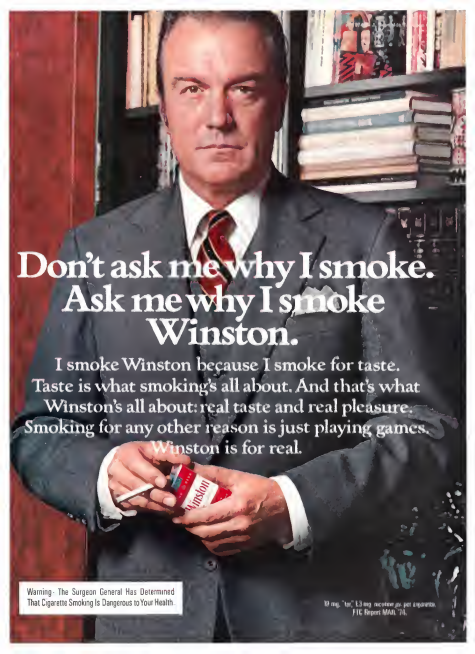
Better the Charley Browns of this world suffer occasionally the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than the game get into the hassles McNally envisions.

THEY SAY IT

● David Hobbs, race driver, on Formula 1 sensation Jody Scheckter: "Jody can retrieve a car from the edge of disaster—and instantly put it on the edge of another disaster."

● Gardnar Mulloy, tennis pro, on aging: "The eyes, not the legs, are where you lose that fraction of a second."

● Jim Cadile, of the World Football League Hawaiians, on switching from center to guard after 11 years: "It's like saving up all your life to move out of a grubby tenement. When you finally do, you find you've moved next door." **END**

A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and red striped tie stands in front of a bookshelf. He is holding a pack of Winston cigarettes in his left hand and a single cigarette in his right hand. The background is a dark wood bookshelf filled with books.

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THE TOUCHDOWN THAT



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RANVILLE FROM AN ABC SPORTS VIDEOTAPE

DIDN'T COUNT



Ohio State was in the Spartans' end zone. There was no doubt about that. But had the Buckeyes arrived there in time to keep their No. 1 ranking?

by DAN JENKINS

By now Woody Hayes may have stopped eating furniture, with reels of film for dessert. He may have quit shredding photographs of Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke. He may have finally turned away from growling at his Enemies List, fleshed out with such recent additions as Referee Gene Calhoun, Field Judge Robert Daganhardt and Back Judge William Kingzett, men who last weekend took their places next to Hitler, Tejo and Mussolini in the state of Ohio. If Woody *has* calmed down, it is good for his digestion, but nothing has changed since last Saturday afternoon in East Lansing, Mich. when perverse fate, a clock or incompetence (depending on your loyalties) knocked off a college football team that was supposed to be mightier than a Divine Presence in a face mask.

To give it a memorable name, let's call it the Bizarre Bowl. For what happened on Nov. 9, 1974, in an athletic contest that was expected to be a normal 35-0 victory for No. 1 Ohio State over a group of undermoussed and culturally deprived Michigan State Spartans defies,

roundabout

The critical instant: Ohio State poised, but not necessarily set, for the momentous snap.

even at this hour, the logic of the mentally healthy everywhere.

That Michigan State scored one of the epic, colorful, classic, shocking (choose any two) upsets in the history of men and boys, 16-13, is no longer a secret on the globe. But exactly how it was managed in those last chaotic seconds is likely to remain a slight mystery because it was the greatest ending nobody ever saw.

Ignoring for a moment all of the madness that came before the game's final play, this is the way the scene will be etched in the minds of the 78,533 in Spartan Stadium and the multitudes tuned in on ABC-TV. The clock is ticking off four ... three ... two ... one, a ball squirts through the quarterback's legs with the Buckeyes inside the Spartans' one-yard line and everybody not quite in the proper place, a guy grabs the ball as it conveniently bounces into his hands, he crashes into the end zone; the head line-man signals touchdown while other officials signal time has expired. Both teams take turns celebrating the win although none of us will know who won, actually, for 45 more minutes.

All along, strangely enough, the officials knew which team had won. Michigan State. For at the same time that Head Lineman Ed Scheck was signaling a touchdown rather automatically his job is to look for nothing other than the position of the football—other striped demons who had been raised up to haunt Woody Hayes were waving their arms crossways, a clear indication that time had expired before the last play.

Whether that was right or wrong did not even matter to Commissioner Wayne Duke once he had talked with the officials. As the commissioner announced in the press box, "Had time not expired, Ohio State would have been charged with a penalty for not being in a set position for a full second before the last play."

Illegal motion, in other words. And assuming that Michigan State would not have chosen to take the play and lose the game, that also would have been it. One of the least familiar rules of college football is that a game can not end on a defensive penalty, but it can end on an offensive penalty.

So much for things hypothetical. Woody Hayes left the field muttering several unmentionables, backhanding a Spartan roter and remembering, "It was Napoleon who said, 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step.'"

It was more like half a step. After the Spartans had miraculously pulled ahead with 3:17 left after a long pass and a longer run, the Buckeyes drove 70-and-two-thirds yards to their rendezvous with confusion and calamity. There at the end they were on the Spartans' one with two plays called in the huddle and 29 seconds remaining. Enough time, surely.

But if Woody's team had not been losing the game all day long, it thought that lingers in the minds of many, it made certain it could lose in the final moments. There is a coaching adage that goes: In the crucial moment you go with your best back on his best play. That would have been Archie Griffin, who gets over 100 yards a game as routinely as he goes to a water fountain. Weirdly, Archie had not been used nearly enough throughout the afternoon, and he was not used then. Harold Henson, the fullback, was called upon, and he did not get over.

Woody, between bites of sofas and chairs, will believe forever that the game was lost in the untangling of the revalant pile. The officials, he said, should have made the Spartans get up faster, and they especially should have made one of them stop holding on to Steve Myers' face mask, preventing the center from reaching his feet. Naturally, the Spartans got up slowly; that is part of football.

Woody's argument would be more convincing if his Buckeyes themselves had looked ready to run a play. Some of them looked as if they thought they had time to browse through a volume or two of *The History of Gance* before lining up. One fellow, Doug France, a tight end, seemed to start back toward a huddle that did not exist. Two other linemen never got completely down. And Griffin never quite made it to a set position.

Woody Hayes did not care about any of that over the gloomy weekend. He managed to pull himself together enough to appear on his TV show back in Columbus on Saturday night. Barely.

"I'm in no mood to be on this show," he said. "I can't tell you how bitter I am. The older you get and the more you win, the more bitter you get with a loss. This was the greatest team we've ever had."

Woody babbled as his audience saw reruns of the last few plays.

"Watch how we can't get up," he said.

"Watch 'em hold down our players. Finally, when we do get up—there's about two seconds—we ran the play and went into the end zone. They ruled a

touchdown and then they called it back and said it wasn't. . . . When there's that much of a pileup and near the goal and the clock is running out, it's up to the officials to blow time-out. That's where they blew it!"

The bitter poetry of Wayne Woodrow Hayes, continued:

"The officials say time had run out, but they should have stopped the clock on that pileup. And if there was illegal motion there should have been a flag thrown on it. . . . Both sides were probably offside on the last play, it looks like to me. . . . The thing I resent is that no effort was made to get them to unpile. It's just as grossly unfair as it can be. . . . I'm just as bitter as the devil. . . . But if you take something like this lightly, you'll be laughing more than you'll be winning."

In retrospect, Woody might get around to questioning some of his offensive calls, or those of his staff, or of OSU Quarterback Cornelius Greene, far more than the judgment of some officials. A team like the Buckeyes, undefeated, untied and averaging 45 points per game, could not play decently and lose to a collection of scholar-athletes who have been beaten three times, once at the hands of UCLA by 56-14, and tied once. Not without being dragged, overconfident or sabotaged by their own game plan.

Looking back for earlier clues to the upset, we find Ohio State taking its very first possession of the football down on Michigan State's 39-yard line, letting the incomparable Archie Griffin run it quickly to the 13, and then not letting him touch it again. That certainly made wonderful sense. Cornelius Greene takes over. He makes five. Next comes some kind of dumb pass, incomplete. Then Greene calls on Brian Bueschnagel, who scored the touchdown that never happened, and he makes three. The Buckeyes have to settle for a field goal.

By halftime, when, astonishingly, the score was 3-3, Archie Griffin had carried only eight times. In fact, Griffin would get over 100 yards from scrimmage for the 19th consecutive time—a continuing national record—primarily on three big carries, one of them a 31-yard draw play on the final drive. The rest of the day Archie was contained, mostly by Woody's game plan.

If there was an occasion when Griffin was most desperately needed, it was in that moment when the Buckeyes were

clinging to a 13-9 lead after Michigan State scored on a 44-yard pass from Quarterback Charlie Baggett to Mike Jones. When Ohio State took the kick-off you had to figure the Spartans would never see the football again, not in those last 5½ minutes. Woody would eat up the clock with a little of this, some of that and lots of Archie. But, oops, no Archie. Not in three plays. No first down, either, so the Buckeyes had to punt. But that was not so bad, either, because the ball found its way to the Michigan State 12-yard line. Not bad at all, except for a guy named Levi Jackson.

On the very first play from down there, Jackson shot through the left side of the Ohio State line, curved to his right and ran 88 delicious yards untouched—practically unmet by—in something like nine seconds. Expect Jackson to do that sort of thing some more. He is a sophomore, weighs 212 pounds and looks like he can spot a jackrabbit 20 paces and still beat him to the carrots.

The play is called 44-Veer, and Levi Jackson said later that all he thought about when he crossed the goal was: "They was through."

Considerable credit is due the Buckeyes for that last drive, up until their poise went south. There was precisely 3:11 left when Archie Griffin returned the kick-off to his 29. And here is how it went from that point until the Laurel and Hardy conclusion: Greene opened up with a pass that was nearly intercepted by the defensive player of the day, Michigan State Linebacker Terry McClellan. Griffin then skittered his 31 yards to the Spartans' 40. Henson made three yards, then Greene got five and nine and it was first down for Ohio on the Spartans' 23.

After an incompletion at 1:31 Greene hit Split End Dave Hazel for nine yards. Henson hammered his way for three and a first down at the 11. Now there were 55 seconds left. Archie made five on another draw but didn't get out of bounds at the MSU six-yard line, so the Buckeyes took their last time-out with 40 seconds remaining.

Now bedlam.

Henson shoved his 231 pounds into left tackle and was halted on MSU's one. The clock stopped with 29 seconds to go while the officials measured for a first down. OSU to the line of scrimmage. The clock starts. The call: Henson.

"I was in," said Henson. "I saw the goal line pass under me when I hit."

"It wasn't even close," said Michigan State's McClellan, who was one of Henson's greeters. "No way."

Now the pituitary of Woody Hayes' receding nightmare. Slow-moving outlaws. Those were the Spartans. Why not?

"This guy had my face mask and wouldn't turn loose," said Myers.

"Why should we have hurried?" asked Spartan Tackle Jim Taubert.

One thing is clear. About a millionth of a second after the head line man throws up his arms signaling a touch-down on the semi-play Ohio State ran, Referee Gene Calhoun is visibly gesturing—waving his arms crossways—that there was no play because the clock said zero before the snap. Other officials made the same gesture.

Commissioner Wayne Duke actually had nothing to do with any sort of official decision. He was merely a liaison between the referee and the press box when his pleasant Saturday afternoon was suddenly interrupted.

"When I called the officials' dressing room," said Duke, "they couldn't be-

lieve there was any question about who won the game."

Calhoun, whose decision was final, has a set of credentials that will astonish Woody Hayes. The referee is not a Nazi Communist Palestinian-Symbionese Liberal Hippie. He is an attorney in Madison, Wis., a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, a Big Ten official for the past 11 seasons and a man who not only has refereed a Rose Bowl and a Cotton Bowl but one whose abilities are so well thought of that he was placed in charge of last season's Notre Dame-Alabama Sugar Bowl Game of the Hour, Year, Decade and Eternity.

In the end it was fortunate that Woody Hayes did not see one thing out there in the tumult of Spartan Stadium. When the announcement ultimately was made that Coach Denney Stolz' amazing Spartans had, yes, of a certainty, beaten the almighty Buckeyes, just like the scoreboard kept insisting, out came a banner that blantly proclaimed: "First Nixon, Then Foreman, Now Ohio State."

Woody would have eaten it. **END**

Woody Hayes urges his Buckeyes to fight free of the Spartans and get in one final play.



A QUIET MAN MAKES THE BULLETS ZING

Wes Unseld's knees are good again and, as usual, nobody talks about him.

Result: Washington is vandalizing the NBA Central by PAT PUTNAM

For Wes Unseld, last Saturday's quiet assault on the Chicago Bulls was just another typical night's work. The big guy played beautifully, managing to draw about as much attention from the crowd as one of the kids hawking Cokes in the Capital Centre, and the Washington Bullets won yet another game, nine now out of their first 11, leaving the rest of the NBA's Central Division an early-season shambles. Unseld finished with just four points, which is what most superstars get before they're warmed up, and he couldn't have been more delighted. "It is not my job to look good," he says. "It is my job to make other people look good." And, the 6'7", 245-pound center-forward could have added, to make other people's people look bad.

Against Chicago, six Bullets finished with more points than Unseld. All that firepower left Unseld free to roam in comparative obscurity, doing what he enjoys most: setting murderous picks, hauling in rebounds, directing a devastating defense, neutralizing the other center—this time, Nate Thurmond—and triggering the Bullets' offense with some of the most amazing passing in the league. There were also the blocked shots, the steals, the forcing of turnovers. After you watch Unseld play, scoring becomes a shallow statistic.

"I have to admit I didn't know just how great he really was when I came here," says K. C. Jones, now in his second season as the Bullets' coach. "You have to be with him to appreciate how much he does. It's that air of leadership. He just does it all. He's so big, yet so quick."

A year ago it was a different story. Unseld's left knee was torn up so badly that he played in only 36 games and then mostly at half speed. Feeling that there

were just so many minutes left in the leg, he almost never practiced with the team and limited his warmups. Before one game 200 cc. of fluid were drained from the knee. And he played, though doctors will tell you that that is impossible. What did seem possible was that Unseld's career was about over.

The career had started in Louisville where he led Seneca High to two state championships. He was the first black to be pursued by Southeastern Conference schools, and there was a lot of pressure put on him to play at the University of Kentucky. No way, he said.

"I told my mother then," Unseld says, "that if I played in the SEC I'd set civil rights back 20 years. A lot of people felt I should be the first black to play. I told them I didn't have the right attitude to be a pioneer, that it just wasn't me. I have the same attitude now. I feel if someone is nice to me then I'll be nice to them. But if someone isn't nice, well, I believe in talking to them in a language that they will understand. If a man spits on me I'll probably spit back. Feeling like that, I didn't think I'd make a very good barrier breaker."

Instead, Unseld chose to play at the University of Louisville, where he majored in history and physical education, and where he twice made All-America. The Bullets drafted him in the first round in 1968, and he and Wilt Chamberlain are the only players ever to be named the NBA's Rookie of the Year and its Most Valuable Player in the same season. Unseld is the only one, however, to achieve both honors while reading Greek mythology, which he enjoys doing in his spare time.

Shortly thereafter, the Neighborhood Basketball League, a playground association, was started in Baltimore, then



the home of the Bullets, and the sponsors asked the team for a player to serve as a figurehead commissioner. "I suggested they take Unseld," recalls Jim Henneman, who was the Bullets' public-relations man at the time. "But I told them Unseld wouldn't be a figurehead, that he'd really work at it, that he'd want to get involved. Unseld was capable of commanding \$200 or \$300 a day at summer clinics or camps and he could have made \$1,000 a week in the Catskills. Instead he chose to spend three years at a nonpaying job because he felt his presence would have an effect. I like to think he touched some of those kids. It's pretty hard to be exposed to him and



Rarely a scorer, Unsel shoots against Cleveland. He had an unusually high 21 points.

ple "C." Jaycees for his contributions to the community. That same year he was the recipient of the Big Brother Award for Maryland, and Bear Cave 24, a private club of former athletes, named him its 1972 Man of the Year. Making the last award, Earl Banks, then head football coach at Morgan State, said, "When you get to the peak, you've got to reach back and help your brother. That's what Wes has done."

By the end of last season, Unsel needed some help himself. His left knee was all but gone and in May it was operated on. Cartilage was removed, bone spurs scraped away and the knee cap reset. But after a summer of rehabilitation, Unsel was not completely sanguine. "I've got a fear," he said before the season started. "I don't want to overdo it. I'm scared of getting hurt again."

If there still is a fear, it doesn't show in his play. Nor in Washington's. The Bullets opened with a 110-92 victory over New Orleans and then ran through six more rivals before losing to Houston. The record went to 8-1 before a loss to surprising Cleveland early last week. In that game, the second loss, Unsel led the team in scoring with 21 points. "That means we were in trouble," he said. "I shouldn't score that much. I just put the ball up because nobody else was doing anything."

Unsel's return to form has meant, among other things, that Elvin Hayes and Phil Chenier no longer have to carry the Bullets by themselves. The team offense has improved and the defense is dramatically better. The result can be seen in one set of figures. Last season the Bullets averaged 1.5 points per game more than their opponents, seventh in the league. This year they lead the league with plus 8.9 points a game.

There is also the matter of depth. K. C. Jones says the Bullets have more of it than any of the Boston Celtics championship teams on which he played. "I don't believe their bench," said Bill Fitch, the Cleveland coach and general manager as he watched the Bullets pull to within five points of the Cavs after being down by 27 last week. "I called two time outs but I didn't want to talk to my

players. I wanted to see if the Bullets weren't using six players on that karate defense of theirs."

As icing, the Bullets signed Jimmy Jones, the Utah Stars' smooth, smart All-ABA guard, after the season opened. Jones contends that he became a free agent when the Stars did not properly exercise their option. They disagree, naturally, and the dispute is now in the courtrooms. Meanwhile, the Bullets roll on full-bore on the court.

Well, not quite full-bore, says Unsel. "We're just overpowering a lot of teams. We have to settle down, to think more. We have to start putting teams away instead of letting them hang around."

Saturday night the Bullets had a chance to put away the Bulls as early as the third quarter, but at the end there was tough old Chicago, losing 96-89, but still hanging around. At the end of the first quarter, Chicago had been ahead 26-19, at which point K. C. Jones turned loose his bench, led by Jimmy Jones, who has been playing himself into shape, and Chicago was sacked. By the half, the Bullets had a 47-45 lead, and the bench had scored 22 of the last 28 points. By the end of the third quarter the lead had fattened to 77-63, but the Bullets couldn't quite apply the *coup de grâce*. They held on to win by seven.

For the night, Unsel brought down 14 rebounds (three from the offensive boards), had two steals, blocked two shots, had three assists and held Thurmond to 10 points.

"He doesn't even think about scoring," said Mike Riordan, the forward-guard out of the Bronx. "Most players, when they get the ball, instinctively look for a shot. We instinctively look for the open man. Totally unselfish. He keeps the ball moving so much everybody gets a piece of the action. Guys love playing with him. He makes everybody else look good. I guess that's why he never gets any publicity. Most people are impressed by scoring statistics. The players are more impressed by all the other things he does, his ability to neutralize the other people. And you have to remember—this guy isn't a super-star just on the court. He's a superstar in life, too."

Riordan grinned, "But I've been working on him," he said. "I even get him to take a beer now and then." **END**

not have a little of his class rub off."

If there is any way to say no to a youngster, Unsel hasn't found it. One day the big Bullet dropped in for some cold tablets at the Keman Hospital for Crippled Children, which is in Baltimore near Unsel's home, and where most of the injured Bullets went for treatment. "When I saw those kids," he says, "I felt embarrassed about asking for something just for a cold." He stayed to talk to the children and that was the first of hundreds of visits he has made. The youngsters know him as "The Jolly Green Giant."

Two years ago, Unsel was given a Distinguished Service Award by the Tri-



BUMPER YEAR FOR A ROBUST CROP

Last summer's player strike made National Football League teams take a long look at their rookies and first-year men, and now there are more new bodies around than ever before. Some of them are superb **by RON REID**

It may come as a surprise to Pittsburgh Steeler fans to learn that Mean Joe Greene, the awesome tackle, is displeased with his performance this season and wishes he could play again with the rockless enthusiasm of his rookie year.

"I've been paralyzed with analysis," he says. "I got so many things in my mind, it's like carrying your briefcase to work. I wish I could go back to the way it was my first year. When you're a rookie, it's beautiful. Just hit somebody or get hit and not worry about the consequences. The Man has a way of taking care of fools and rookies."

The Man must be mighty busy these days. Fools are as numerous as ever, and this season the number of rookies in the National Football League is the largest in its history. The principal reason for this influx is last summer's player strike, which left a vacuum on training-camp rosters that was quickly filled with new players. By the time the veterans reported, the youngsters had established themselves. Now there are enough of them in the league to stock five full teams, and some are making Joe Greene and the other veterans sit up and take notice.

Don Woods of San Diego, for instance, is the Chargers' most exciting player since Lance Alworth. A 6'2", 210-pound running back from the University of New Mexico, he is slashing through tacklers with power as deceptive as his gait. He has stung defenses for 673 yards on 111 carries and has scored six touchdowns. His 6.1-yard average is the NFL's best, and he has a strong chance to become the AFC Rookie of the Year. The gnashing you hear in the background emanates from Green Bay, whose Packers drafted Woods sixth, glanced at him in training camp, and then waived him to

San Diego for \$100. "We goofed," says Packer Coach Dan Devine.

After Woods rushed for 154 yards against Kansas City three weeks ago, Hank Stram of the Chiefs said, "He's terrific. He's so smooth he doesn't look as fast as he is. He does everything in an effortless way." Woods also racked Miami, Philadelphia and Oakland for 100-yard games, but against the Dolphins he also looked like the rookie he is when he drew a penalty on a man-in-motion play. "I was thinking about going in motion," he says, "and while I was thinking I was walking in motion."

Stram's praise of Woods is significant considering the performance of his own Woody Green (see cover) from Arizona State, who would be challenging for Woods' rookie laurels if he had not been hampered by injury the first five weeks. Against San Diego, Green rushed for 146 yards and caught passes for 98 more, including a 69-yard lob from Len Dawson for a touchdown (Green's second) that helped the Chiefs to a 24-14 victory.

Unlike the powerful Woods, Green breaks few tackles but his speed makes defending him a sometime thing. "The NFL has been an experience," he says. "The atmosphere isn't the same. Where I went to school we didn't have guys laughing and singing in the locker room the day before a game." He is a serious athlete, and his standards are demanding. "When you score no touchdowns and don't go over 100 yards," he says, "you're just running around."

San Francisco's Wilbur Jackson is another running back who has rebounded from an injury to perform impressively. Hurt in the Coaches All-America game, the ex-Alabama star has gained 513 yards rushing and 165 more on 17 pass receptions, no mean feat on a team that has suffered quarterbacking woes since Steve Spurrier was injured in September. Jackson has an explosive starting charge and he takes tackles well. Says 49er Coach Dick Nolan, "He works like the devil.

When he picks up five yards he wonders why he didn't get 10."

Doug Kotar of the New York Giants is a sleeper. From the University of Kentucky, he signed on with the Steelers as a free agent, spent four idle days in the Pittsburgh camp, and then was traded to the Giants for a fourth-string quarterback whom the Steelers needed because Terry Bradshaw, Joe Gilliam and Terry Hanratty were all out on strike. In the Giants' camp Kotar showed good speed, won a starting spot and has rushed for 370 yards in regular-season play. One of his three touchdowns came on a 53-yard run against Atlanta, which didn't seem to impress the phlegmatic Kotar one way or the other. He says he was not surprised that he was not drafted, nor does he seem at all moved by his considerable success.

Part of that success derives from the accomplishments of another rookie, the Giants' No. 1 draft choice, John Hicks from Ohio State. Hicks seems a fixture in the Giant offensive line, just as Henry Lawrence, an offensive lineman from Florida A&M, appears to have established himself firmly in the Raiders' future. To John Madden, the Oakland head coach, this is especially surprising. Talking about rookies and their chances for immediate success, Madden says, "It depends on the position a guy plays. Rookies can often help you right away at the instinctive positions, like running back, wide receiver, the defensive line, maybe linebacker. And on special teams, too, where the assignment calls for instinctive reaction. That's why so many rookies make it there. Or as kickers. A guy who has been punting all his life is doing the same thing as a pro that he has always done. But a position that requires a lot of technique—quarterback is the most obvious, or offensive lineman—that's something else. The things they have to do are so different, and they have so many things to learn that you don't often see a rookie excel there."

Whatever the requirements, it also

continued

Waymond Bryant (top, left) helps Chicago defense; Henry Lawrence (top, right) Oakland's offense; Big New York Giant Lineman John Hicks (left) leads Doug Kotar into the line.

helps if the rookie's position is not well stocked with veterans. Woods almost certainly would have remained with Green Bay if the Packers' outstanding running backs, John Brockington and MacArthur Lane, had not returned to camp. But they reported, and in time Woods was waived.

The most talked-about rookie in the beginning of the year was the Dallas Cowboys' Ed (Too Tall) Jones, the 6'9", 260-pound defensive end from Tennessee State, who was the first collegian drafted. Jones has been used only intermittently, primarily against the pass where his height can be most effective, but he is nonetheless the kind of draft choice every team prefers.

"The easiest ones are guys like Jones," Madden says. "He's playing the position in college that he's going to play for you. Guys like him are the cherries you pick off a tree."

The Chicago Bears' No. 1 choice, Waymond Bryant, a teammate of Too Tall at Tennessee State, was such a pick, too, and his fine play at linebacker has contributed to the Bears' strong defense this season. But Charley Wade, a first-year player with the Bears ("first year" means he was not activated for more than three games in previous seasons), was the last pick in the 1973 draft. Waived from Miami to Chicago, Wade has caught 32 passes this season for 600 yards and a touchdown.

John Dutton, a defensive end from Nebraska, gives Baltimore an improved pass rush; the St. Louis Cardinals have made good use of Greg Hartle, a linebacker from Newberry College; the New England Patriots might not enjoy the 6-3 record they have without Sam Hunt, a linebacker from Stephen F. Austin; and the New Orleans Saints are delighted with Wide Receiver Joel Parker from Florida, who has caught 28 passes for 335 yards and three touchdowns. Houston's Billy Johnson has been among the leaders in kick returns; Defensive Tackle Bill Kollar has impressed the Cincinnati Bengals; and Mercury Morris' unhappiness with Miami is offset in part by the fine running of Benny Malone, who, like Green, is from Arizona State.

This surprising success of so many unheralded newcomers may call for a re-assessment of training-camp priorities. Fred Schubach, the Colts' player personnel director, says, "This is going to convince some coaches that they should look

at the kids longer." But Schubach also points out that the weeks the rookies spent in camp without the veterans were a psychological advantage, too.

"A lot of times, when the veterans come in," he says, "the rookies are overawed. All of a sudden they're face-to-face with these famous people they've read so much about, and they become timid. This year there were no veterans to speak of, and the kids were on a par with everyone. They had more confidence."

Apparently, they retained that confidence when the strike ended and the veterans returned, or at least they tried to. While NFL hazing has diminished to little more than mealtime singing and a rookie show, some newcomers confronted the camp ritual with a defiance unthinkable a few seasons ago.

"When our veterans came back," says Wide Receiver Lynn Swann, Pittsburgh's No. 1 choice from USC (the Steelers have another impressive rookie receiver in John Stallworth of Alabama A&M), "I told them we weren't going to put on any kind of rookie show because we'd been here longer and it was our camp. I said that because I run my mouth more than some of our other guys. Well, Mean Joe heard about it and I was the first one to sing, and they kept me up there about an hour and a half." It was less a joke at Atlanta, where Gerald Tinker, the Kent State Olympic 400-meter-relay gold medalist turned wide receiver, flatly refused to sing his school song or any other. "Hell, no," he told a vet. "Us rookies are on strike, too."

"Times have changed," says Steeler veteran Andy Russell. "Rookies are cockier than they used to be. Bobby Layne would tell a rookie, 'You *will* meet me in the bar at 4 a.m. or I'll get you cut.' That doesn't happen anymore."

Oakland's George Blanda, whose rookie season coincided with the discovery of fire, says, "I never went through any of that stuff, and we've never done much of it here. The game has gotten more serious, and you don't hassle a rookie who can help you. There's more money at the end of the rainbow than when Layne was playing."

Toward that rainbow's end, the unknown rookie who can step right in and work wonders is a dream shared by players, fans and coaches. But it usually only happens when the right athlete is in the right place at the right time.

"I'll bet that when you look at the un-

knowns who make it," says Madden, "they were all hidden somehow. They were either injured or were playing another position or had personal problems that kept them from doing what they were capable of. That's where the ability of a scout counts. More than saying O. J. Simpson is a good runner, he has to be able to look at a guy and see him playing another position for you."

Sometimes a man can be hidden in publicity. One of Baltimore's last picks was Tim Berra, Yogi's son, a wide receiver drafted No. 421. Possibly taken for the immediate public-relations value of his name, young Berra worked hard, showed talent and made the squad. For the most part, the rookies in this year's bumper crop are putting time in on the bench, waiting and learning, between sessions of special-team duty. "The toughest thing is sitting around wanting to play," Swann says, "and having to learn from the bench."

That attitude is traditional, but in the opinion of many coaches the old values of discipline and loyalty are disappearing. Today's rookies are more aware, more given to questioning established procedures and are eager to take over, whereas most coaches agree that they have to be brought along slowly. Madden, for one, guards against premature praise.

"You can't pick on a player," he says, "but you have to keep the pressure on to see how he'll react. Too much praise too soon, and he'll settle into mediocrity. You've seen guys who played like hell until the final cut because they were trying to make the team, then not do anything afterward. Once they make the team, it's not the end. You have to help them establish other goals."

Mark van Eeghen, a running back from Colgate, was the victim of Madden's style in a preseason game at Detroit. Oakland had the ball on its 37 with one second left in the first half. Van Eeghen took a hand-off, burst through a hole and galloped 63 yards for a touchdown. As the Raiders headed for their locker room, Madden said, "Way to run out the clock, van Eeghen."

Even so, van Eeghen prefers such limited praise to the caustic comments he heard after a mistake he made against Pittsburgh. "I exploded out of my stance two counts too soon," he said. "I really hate to do things like that. It makes you look like a rookie." **END**



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A Football Odyssey

by Ron Fimrite

In which the writer, accompanied by Artist Franklin McMahon, travels from Baton Rouge to Norman to Ann Arbor in 48 hours to watch three big college games and recapture his youth

Time is at its cruellest when it diminishes remembered things. Only memory adds stature to the past, for nothing seen again is ever so formidable. But how easily deceived we are by the mirror of the mind.

In memory, the school building is a medieval fortress, with labyrinthine corridors and enormous rooms presided over by impatient giants. For those of us who in childhood moved from town to town and school to school—doomed forever, we feared, to dwell in the special limbo reserved for "the new kid"—a first day in school was the stuff of recurrent nightmares. Familiarity soon shrinks classmates, even teachers, to size, but the school, scene of so many embarrassments, triumphs and disasters, remains in memory a gigantic place, an Elsinore on dark days, a Camelot on bright ones. Seen today, however, the school building is absurdly small, scarcely more than a large house, a sad, gray place occupied by tiny strangers.

The hometown undergoes an even more curious metamorphosis. In fact, it will have grown larger. There will be newer and taller buildings, sprawling shopping centers,



rambling subdivisions, broader streets, even suburbs. But it will never be as big as it once was when its three-story buildings reached to the heavens, towering above the heads of children.

Much the same transformation takes place within ourselves; outwardly, we are larger, but there has been shrinkage inside. Our possibilities become limited, our vision narrowed, our imaginations, once boundless, restricted by the barriers of harsh reality. It is not only the world that grows smaller with each passing day; so do we.

Reflections such as these may be triggered by the most trivial of happenings, the least consequential of encounters. Mine came after a football weekend, a "Big Game" odyssey that took me to Louisiana, Oklahoma and Michigan. The cities, the stadiums, the people were all strange to me, but the circumstances were hauntingly familiar, for there was a time when football games and football stadiums seemed so much bigger. Of course, they are big. A goosized stadium can accommodate the population of a small city; its value, once measured in thousands of dollars, now

continued







can exceed a hundred million. And yet, stadiums don't have undergone the melancholy process of diminution.

Each of us in his time has his own stadium. Mine was the University of California Memorial Stadium in Berkeley. Seating nearly 80,000, it is certainly no smaller now than it was three decades ago or even when it was completed in 1923 as a monument to the soldiers of World War I. But it can never be for me what it was when I first entered it as a nine-year-old, marching with mock solemnity in the traffic boy platoon toward the section reserved for our gang in the south end zone. To me, then, it seemed to be the biggest thing I had ever seen. Never had so many people been assembled in one place; never had so many voices been raised at once; never had I been made to feel so small. The Cal players, who were then as, regrettably, they are now, of quite ordinary proportions, seemed Brobdingnagian. It was, you will note, "Cal" then, never "Berkeley," as it has be-



come today. To the children of that Berkeley long ago, there was but one real university, and that was the one up on the hill. Oh yes, that and something called Stanford.

The Cal Marching Band would rehearse Saturday mornings, then march quick-step to the giant stadium, trailed by us town boys, captives of those uniformed pied pipers. We sprinted to the campus at the first drumbeat, a sound fully as exciting as the final school bell in May. Since we either sneaked in or entered for free in the traffic boy brigade, we never paid for a game. And we rarely moved else. There was but one day of the week—Saturday. Though I would move from Berkeley several times as a boy, those golden Saturdays would stay with me forever. It was all so big.

I cannot say precisely when it was that I lost interest in college football. It was certainly not while I was an undergraduate—a "Cal man" at last—and not immediately after I returned to the Bay Area from military service. No,

continued



I would say my interest simply eroded. As a very young man, I had decided to put aside childish things in the false belief that abandoning the past gave certain entry into the promising future. College football seemed to me then a mindless activity pursued only by schoolchildren and incurable Old Blues who were incapable of severing the academic umbilical cord. I was still a football fan, but my team now was the San Francisco 49ers. Berkeley was behind me. That door was closed. You can't go home again.

Then time played another trick. As I grew older and the distance lengthened between the undergraduate me and the supposed man of affairs, I felt a compulsion to close the gap, to rediscover what I had been, to look again at a past that could not be abandoned. I was no longer a stranger in the big stadium on the hill.

It is perhaps the essence of college football, then, that for so many of its followers it should represent a journey through time nearly lost. The past can never truly be recaptured, only sought. The pieces will always be too small to fit old conceptions.

But the college game does at least offer an illusion of youth. The drums beat again. The stadiums seem smaller, the players are too young, but the experience of time renewed persists. The boys follow the band again. . . .

As I have suggested, mine was no ordinary college football weekend; traveling helter-skelter across the midlands, I saw in person, not on the television screen, three games in 48 hours, each of which determined a conference championship. The six teams involved were all ranked in the Top 10 nationally. Their combined record was a remarkable 53 wins, two ties and a single loss. Four of the six were undefeated and untied entering these climactic games. And since each of these match-ups was "a traditional," feelings ran extraordinarily high in the communities where they were played. The fans I met along the way were not the people I once knew. But they shared in common the search. And what could it possibly matter that they were not entirely certain what it was they were looking for?

ALABAMA CRIMSON TIDE 21 LSU TIGERS 7

Ben and Wellington, two round-faced, bespectacled middle-aged men, a bit plump, a bit tied but dead game, sit at the curve of the bar near the pool in Baton Rouge's Bellemont Motor Hotel. They are removed by only a few feet from the bar's main action, which happens to be an animated conversation involving two former Alabama players, Johnny Musso and Steve Biscaglia, several "Bama" assistant coaches and some other in-group types. They are served by a plump blonde bartender who in the pale light behind the bar looks more attractive than she probably is. There is much laughter, much reminiscing, some flirting.

Ben and Wellington are at the periphery of the inner circle; indeed, they might as well be in Tuscaloosa for all the notice paid them by the others. They return this inattention with affection, laughing loudly at the eavesdropped anecdotes, joining in from a safe distance, talking scarcely at all to each other. The pleasures they gain from this evening will be vicarious.

"Drove seven hours getting here for the Big One tomorrow," says Wellington during a slight lull in the main conversation.

"Welly and I never miss a 'Bama game,'" says Ben.

The stars of the evening are now joking about Musso's new career in Canadian professional football. "Get my friend here a Canadian Club," Biscaglia instructs the bartender. "That's all they let him drink now."

Ben and Welly chuckle at this one, nodding at each other conspiratorially. They knew Biscaglia had a reputation for wit. He was obviously under way now.

A group of tall, broad-shouldered young men, four blacks, one white, obviously football players, step tentatively into the bar, eyes straining against the darkness. One of them, the white youth, spots the coaches and quickly ushers the others out.

"Now, what d'ya make of that," one of the assistant coaches remarks, chuckling good-old-boy style. "A white boy from Macon, Ga. leadin' four blacks into a bar. Times do change."

Ben and Wellington agree that times sure do.

Unlike Musso's, Biscaglia's football career ended at Alabama. He now works far his father in the Biscaglia Brothers Wine Co. in Madera, Calif. The Biscaglia wines, he advises his confreres at the bar, are unequalled for quality, particularly the whites.

"Might I suggest our Imperial Chateau D'Or," he says in the manner of a wine steward. "It so happens that I have a bottle in the glove compartment of my car. If you gentlemen will wait just a moment, I'll go get some. Glasses all round, my dear."

Ben and Wellington nudge each other, smiling at Biscaglia's effrontery. They hurriedly quaff their Scotches in anticipation of the elixir from the California valley. Sharing a glass of wine with these men-in-the-know could open a crack in the conversation through which they might slither. In the darkness their round faces fairly glitter.

Biscaglia returns laughing triumphantly and with a flourish pours wine all round. Or nearly all round.

Ben and Wellington, still happy, still dead game, order two more Scotches. On the rocks.

The game-day party at Bill and Jane LeBlanc's sprawling, Southwest-ranch-style house in the Old Goodwood section of Baton Rouge has the feel, despite the landlocked surroundings, of a bon voyage celebration. There is, in fact, a vessel anchored in the LeBlanc driveway—a Blue Bird Wanderlodge mobile home—and the dozen or more of us who will be her passengers are toasting our impending departure in the LeBlancs' lavish bar.

The nautical analogy is not inappropriate, for the Wanderlodge is a species of terrestrial yacht. She and scores of sister craft will dock outside Louisiana State's Tiger Stadium this day in berths reserved for them in the parking lot. And like yacht club toffs, the mobile home skippers will hobnob in the docking area, chattering not only about LSU football but about the various idiosyncrasies of their vehicles.

"Damn generator hasn't worked all week . . ."

continued

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"Here, Bill, let me have a look-see. Same thing happened to my Winnebago. . . ."

LeBlanc, LSU, class of 1940, is a balding, long-faced Baton Rouge businessman of many trades—real estate development, contracting, plumbing—who, though unfailingly courteous, betrays certain xenophobic suspicions during the football season. There is always the dark possibility, however remote, that some outsider may not regard LSU football as the ultimate art form.

"Ah wasn't too sure about you at first . . . but ah think we'll get along just fine from now on. 'Tilad you're interested in the Tigabys. . . ."

LeBlanc's reverence for his alma mater is untainted by logic, reason or maturity. Louisiana State in the '30s seemed wholly the creation of Huey Long, the state's demagogic governor and United States Senator. The Kingfish, as he was not always affectionately known, pumped state funds into the campus coffers, personally ruled on administrators, even faculty members, led the Tiger band at halftime and freely proffered unwanted counsel to the various football coaches he helped hire and fire. Long saw LSU as the country-son antagonist of the city-slick, snobbish private school, Tulane. LSU was Long's baby; for the Cajuns from the bayous it represented freedom from poverty. The country youths who got their education at LSU in this time remain eternally grateful. Their devotion to the Old School is unshakable; a Yale's allegiance to Ivy is, by comparison, tenuous, even frivolous.

LeBlanc's home is a reflection of his own fidelity. A nearly life-size plywood replica of the LSU Tiger, festooned with crepe streamers of purple and gold, hangs above and to the right of the living room fireplace. A stuffed tiger doll, also nearly life-size, stands guard before the couch. On the bar there is a photograph of Mike III, the official team mascot, who grows portentously before each home game. Near Mike there is a cartoon of an LSU tiger suckling at the teats of an Arkansas Razorback. A ceramic tiger lurks in the grass alongside the swimming pool in the backyard. And in the LeBlanc bathroom, guests scrub with bars of soap on which have been carved tiny, grinning tigers. It is impossible to wash one's hands of the imagery.

Crews LeBlanc, Bill's 23-year-old son, is at the helm of the Wanderlodge, and brother Doug, 21, is on the public-address microphone as the football party clambers aboard, plastic glasses in hand. Recorded broadcasts of great moments in the history of LSU football are played on the speaker system. Memories are warmed by hysterical accounts of Billy Cannon's game-winning 89-yard punt return against Mississippi in 1959 or of Ben Jones' last-second touchdown pass also against Ole Miss in 1972. The passengers cheer again these epochal achievements.

Doug LeBlanc interrupts the nostalgia broadcast: "As is traditional on these occasions," he announces as the Wanderlodge bounces off the driveway onto the shaded street, "we will begin our trip with a prayer. Today's prayer will be rendered by United States Senator J. Bennett Johnston Jr. Senator Johnston. . . ."

The Senator, a Democrat, rises unsteadily to his

feet as the big mobile home lurches down the street.

First off, he suggests, the Lord should see to it that the Wanderlodge safely negotiates the journey to the stadium parking lot. Once the game begins, He should do everything in His power to protect players on both sides from serious injury. Finally, and for this Johnston disqualifies himself as an objective beseecher, He should assure that, in the inevitable victory, the LSU fans and players behave as "good winners." Amen.

"The bar," says Doug, regaining the microphone, "is now officially open."

We are a cheerful, if diverse, company of travelers, young and old alike, we will root fervently for the Tigers. The Southern youth are surprisingly friendly with and respectful of their elders. They chat with them as enlisted men permitted a fling in the Officers' Club. And they seem much less likely to fly the family coop than their contemporaries in the rebellious North. The LeBlancs obviously respect their father as the captain of his ship, the Wanderlodge.

"Ah'd like you to meet a friend of mahn," LeBlanc says, introducing a round, pink man with hair the color of twilight. "This is Dr. I. P. Bordelon. The F. P. stands for 'full of penicillin.'"

"That's right," Dr. Bordelon says, acknowledging the introduction. "Ah'm a G. P., general practitioner. Ah give mah patients penicillin. If they re allergic to it, ah recommend another physician."

Dr. Bordelon is attired for the game in a purple jacket, purple and gold tie, yellow shirt and flannel slacks that, when hiked up, reveal purple and gold socks with red embroidered on them in gold. His underwear, he discreetly implies, is similarly adorned.

"Ah'm just a red-headed Cajun," he says proudly. "And don't call me fat. Ah'm not fat. Ah'm just too short for my width."

He is standing outside the Wanderlodge now, amid the pregame hubbub. The stadium rises like a dog's palace in the setting sun. This will be a twilight game. It is warm, in the high 60s, and Dr. Bordelon's forehead is moist.

"Ah tell ya, ah owe this place an awful lot. Ah sell mah own children ah don't care where they go to school as long as it's LSU. Going to these games is a little like going home again. Football may be a bit different heah in the South. It's a fashion show, a parade, all those parties, these won't fool people. In the North, it may just be a game. Heah, it's a way of life."

Tiger Stadium is known in the South as "Death Valley," no reflection, certainly, on its playing surface, which, far from being an and wasteland, is a lush green lawn of unartificial, real live grass. The sobriquet refers instead to the grisly fate that awaits even the best teams to visit an arena housing patrons so fiercely partisan. Visitors to this Death Valley succumb not to thirst but to garaffe, for it is **THE NOISE** that ultimately does them in. Just as Los Angeles baseball fans once applauded themselves for showing up in such great numbers, thereby shattering all existing atten-

continued





Odyssey continues

dance records, so do Tiger fans raise their voices in tribute to THE NOISE they can make of an evening.

The stadium is acoustically perfect for cacophony. Its seats, which are close to the sidelines, rise sharply above the field so that even a hiccup from the 40th row resounds in the huddle like the report of an artillery piece. And when 68,000 Tiger zealots scream in unison, the effect on even the most placid of quarterbacks is unsettling.

The sound of a thousand rock concerts attends the arrival of the first Tiger player. By the time the entire team has been trotted out, Lindbergh has been feted at Le Bourget, V-J day has been acclaimed in Times Square and Judy Garland has sung *Over the Rainbow* in a comeback appearance at the Palace.

But on this night, Alabama will play with such calculated ferocity that by the final gun THE NOISE has dwindled to a groan. Alabama is LSU's superior in everything, including dress. The Tigers, for whatever reasons of austerity or defective laundry facilities, appear in soiled tear-away jerseys that are mostly torn-away even before the game. With bare midriffs, they resemble so many down-at-the-heels Seventh Avenue streetwalkers. Alabama is crisp and neat in red and white. They subdue the tatterdemalion opposition with minimal exertion.

The alliterative headline the following morning in the *Baton Rouge Morning Advocate* reads: BEAR'S BANNERS BURST BENGALS' BUBBLE.

NOISE notwithstanding.

OKLAHOMA SOONERS 27 NEBRASKA CORNHUSKERS 0

From the air, sighted through a thin mauve haze above the flat gray plains, the University of Oklahoma's Owen Field in Norman looks like nothing more than a large bowl of tomato soup. Oklahoma will play its traditional opponent, the University of Nebraska, this day, and though the official colors of the two schools are not identical—Oklahoma is crimson and cream, Nebraska scarlet and cream—in the stadium they are, with only minor gradations in shading, all red.

On the field, Oklahoma wears red jerseys, red helmets and white pants. Nebraska has white helmets, white jerseys and red pants. Supporters of both teams wear red hats, red sweaters, red corseges, red bandannas, even red socks. They wave red bandannas and shake red pompons. And since temperatures are in the 70s and the air is still and moist and spirits are high, they are mostly red-faced.

A large red bus is parked outside the stadium entrance

on which, painted boldly in white, is this message: **THOUGH YOUR SINS ARE SCARLET, THEY BE WHITE AS SNOW.**

For Oklahoma the inscription is apt, even prophetic. Damned by the NCAA for illegal recruiting and declared ineligible, therefore, for postseason games, the scarlet Sooners will soon beat hell out of untainted Nebraska. ON TO THE PROCESSION BOWL proclaims a red banner held aloft.

It is a dull and, yes, colorless conquest. There is no noise in quiet Norman, save for that in the stadium, and by LSU aural criteria, there is none there. The game is over almost before it begins. The sinners' triumph is merciless, swift and convincing.

For a rivalry of such consequence, the contest stirs few emotions. The student newspaper, *The Oklahoma Daily*, plays the 10th anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination on Page One; the "Battle of the Big Reds" is merely an inside feature. There is no inspirational march music at halftime. Instead, this period is dedicated to the oeuvre of composer-conductor Henry Mancini, who, neatly turned out in sports coat, slacks and porkpie hat, acknowledges the tribute in person. He mounts a stepladder and, teetering precariously there, bows, hat in hand, to his admirers.

The "Boy Scout Stretcher Team" is also applauded this day, though the dreary encounter on the field excites no one to collapse and the stretcher-bearers' role is superfluous. There is also an announcement on the public-address system that the Oklahoma basketball team will play "Yugoslavia" later in the week. Will the Serbo-Croats fire better than the Cornhuskers? The Yugoslavia Reds?

After the game, what seems to be the vast majority of the 60,000 fans assemble at O'Connell's Irish Pub for pitchers of 3.2 beer. The red-jacketed, red-eyed crowd spills out of the roomy pub into the parking lot. Inside, the décor is singularly un-Gaelic. Elk, moose and buffalo trophies stare morosely out from the walls. In one room, films of old Floyd Patterson fights are shown. Floyd Patterson? Can that brooding old pugilist mean anything to this generation? And yet there he is, a lithe, quick figure, the face all apology as he bangs the setups comatose. Students and young alumni watch the combat listlessly.

O'Connell's is crowded, but, like the stadium before it, strangely silent. "We are the best football team in the country," says Larry Killebrew, a young radiologist from Oklahoma City. "But we can't prove it."

It is a sage observation, explaining all. Each Oklahoma victory is a measure of revenge on those who passed judgment on the school, but since winning leads nowhere, it is essentially meaningless. This will be a year of waiting until next year.

"Though your sins are as scarlet, they will be white as snow. . . ."

MICHIGAN WOLFPIES 10 OHIO STATE BUCKEYES 10

In the distance, as the motley procession advances on the stadium through the cold mist, you can hear **THE SONG**.

"Hail! to the victors valiant

Hail! to the conquering heroes,

Hail! Hail! to Michigan. . . ."

It will be played endlessly, for this is the 75th anniversary of its composition, a fight song to end all fight songs, composed in the flush of victory on a train ride back from Chicago.

"Hail! Hail! to Michigan. . . ."

Despite a heavy chill, the dampness and the dense traffic, the multitudes plodding toward the gigantic stadium in Ann Arbor are in high good humor, exchanging jokes in their traffic-choked cars, flourishing fanciful signs—**SAVE FUEL, BURN WOOLY**—and singing, singing, singing. They are dressed against the cold and drizzle as if for a masquerade ball. Four men in identical yellow plastic trousers wade through the mud of the golf course near the stadium. They are like Ingmar Bergman creations, ghostly clowns dancing in the mist.

This is clearly football weather, meaning bad. In Baton Rouge and Norman it had been unseasonably warm. Here there is the threat of snow or freezing rain. The stadium rises spectrally in the distance, so massive that not even time can reduce it to mortal proportions. It is nearly as large as when I first saw it 25 years before. Actually, then it had fewer seats. A record crowd of 105,223 will watch this game between two undefeated teams playing for the championship of the Big Ten and the privilege of defending the conference's honor in the Rose Bowl. From the field, the rim of the stadium is lost in the gray skies.

Time does not move swiftly in the Big Ten. Everything seems as it once was. The teams play foot-dogging antediluvian football with line plunges, stout defense and little or no passing. There is a certain majesty to this stubborn resistance to change.

The Michigan Marching Band, playing its Big Game, tootles with such dogged vigor that even the players feel compelled to call for silence as the game itself, a match between dinosaurs, begins. **THE SONG** is cut short in mid-chorus.

"Hail! to the vic. . . ."

From the Michigan sidelines, Woody Hayes, the totalitarian Ohio State coach, appears in the mist as a glowering eminence grise, pacing restlessly before his bench, snarling at officials. Michigan's Bo Schembacher, a Hayes protégé, is nearly as adept as his master at referee-baiting. He is regarded coldly and without rancor by the objects of his relentless wrath.

The Michigan players on the bench watch dejectedly as Ohio State's Archie Griffin, a rapper of a runner, perforates their defense. When Griffin is finally brought to ground, the Wolverines attack him savagely. Safety Dave Brown chases him through most of the long afternoon, upsetting him when he can with body blocks, necktie tackles and desperate snatches at his clothing. Brown stands panting over the fallen Griffin, his expression betraying the certain fear that he will rise again. Griffin will accumulate 163 yards on 30 carries despite the best efforts of Brown and his fellow defenders.

The Michigan quarterback, Dennis Franklin, is the eye of the hurricane in this stormy game. His brown face is impassive, his mood detached. But with slightly more than two minutes left to play, he lies motionless in the Michigan backfield after completing a short rollout pass. He is helped

continued

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off the field with the score tied. He clutches his right shoulder but his face is vacant of either suffering or disappointment. He has a broken collarbone, a bad break for him and his school, for though Michigan has tied the conference champion, the Big Ten athletic directors will later vote to send Ohio State to the Rose Bowl rather than permit a team without a starting quarterback to play the Pacific Eight winners. They cannot risk a fifth consecutive loss to the West Coast.

The game ends inconclusively. There is no elation on either bench, although Michigan supporters seem confident that the Rose Bowl will be theirs. Had not Ohio State gone and lost the year before? Is it not someone else's turn?

The band is on the field before the players are off it. False hopes are betrayed with the playing of *California, Here I Come*. Then, as the rosters raise their umbrellas in triumph, the band swings passionately into **THE SONG**.

"Hail! to the victors valiant,

Hail! to the conquering heroes,

Hail! Hail! to Michigan, the champions of the West. . ."

It is to be a swan song.

The postgame celebrants in the American Legion Hall a block from Michigan Stadium are hardly collegiate. They are men and women of middle years and working-class apparel. They are loud, even boisterous, and in a singing mood. **THE SONG** comes to them from a venerable jukebox in the cavernous barroom. Recorded by Jan Garber and his orchestra, it is A-1 on the old box.

Two men, both probably in their late 50s, one wearing a raincoat, the other a mackinaw, are watching the USC-UCLA game on one of the television sets above the bar. The telecast followed by about half an hour the end of the Ohio State-Michigan game. These men raced to the hall as quickly as they could in order to get good field position at the bar, for it is assumed the USC-UCLA winner will be Michigan's opponent in the Rose Bowl. The two grizzled viewers do, however, deplore Michigan's inability to gain more than a tie from the Buckeye game. They are inclined to place the blame for this oversight on Franklin, considered by most of the experts to be, with Griffin, the star of the game. Mackinaw and Raincoat do not see it that way. Franklin, they agree, should not be play-

ing quarterback for the simple reason that he is black and, in their view, blacks never make good quarterbacks.

"You don't see any of *them* in the NFL," says Mackinaw.

"That's right," says Raincoat. "No speaks there."

UCLA's quarterbacks, though indisputably white, are having notably less success with USC than Franklin had with the Buckeyes. The two viewers are quick to observe that one of the frustrated signal-callers is Mark Harmon, son of the immortal Tommy, the Michigan football hero of more than three decades ago.

"Saw Tommy play right here many, many times," says Mackinaw, as, with consummate timing, A-1 is played on the jukebox. "Now there was a football player. Don't see his kind anymore."

"How come," inquires Raincoat, "he let his kid go to school out West?"

"Just look," replies Mackinaw, gesturing toward the screen. "It's obvious. He wasn't good enough to play here."

"Hail! Hail! to Michigan. . ."

Harmon? Tommy Harmon? Old 98! Why, he played in my stadium the year I discovered it. Scored four touchdowns against Cal, long runs on three of them. The Cal defense had so much trouble with him that Bud Brennan, a bold real estate salesman, much in his cups that day, staggered out of his seat on the west side of the stadium and, topcoat flailing in the wind, set off after Harmon, who was running, as usual, in the clear. Harmon gently placed a hand on Brennan's bald pate as the realtor lunged for him at the goal line. "What in hell are you doing here?" the All-America halfback asked. Brennan, winded now, managed to mutter an obscenity before the campus police arrived to haul him off. It was a memorable occasion.

Yes, memorable. That's it. A chance remark by two not very likable strangers in a town almost completely foreign to me had initiated a predictable response. College football is a continuum, just as any truly valuable sport is. Everything changes, nothing changes. Harmon *fin* recalls Harmon *père*. The past, despite the increasing distance we put between it and ourselves, is never far away.

Is this what so many of us find in college football? Do we see something there, if only indistinctly, that survives despite time's powers of diminution?

END



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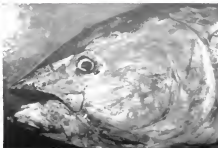


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SALAD DAYS FOR



END OF THE BLUEFIN TUNA



Laws recently passed to protect the devastated Atlantic schools of bluefin may have come too late to save commercial and sports fishermen from their own greed **by DAN LEVIN**

Ellis Hodgkins stands in his doorway, huddled against the wind, squinting out to sea with his one good eye. Another fall is ending in Rockport, Mass., his cameo of a town, but in the little harbor at his feet his 36-foot sports fisherman, *LuAnn*, is still ready to sail, rigged for bluefin tuna. He would like to be on *LuAnn* every day now, heading to sea, as he did when he was the Boy Wonder of the Bay State fishing fleet.

That is what the *Boston Globe* called him 13 years ago, when he was 26, before the fishing went bad. And one vision, impressed upon him then, still haunts him; it was the way a giant tuna looked, lunging for a trolled string of mackerel, "like an airplane crashing on my bait." He never got enough of that. But in the mid-'60s the fishery all but ended, and Hodgkins became just another of its failures, except that he had farther to fall than most. In 1961 his clients had caught 182 tuna; in 1962, 81, in 1963, 58; and in 1964, 13. He could see the trend. So with his reputation intact he quit full-time chartering, though he did continue to fish on weekends, for his own pleasure.

He went to work for a Volkswagen dealer in nearby Beverly, selling cars. And he began building a different kind of reputation. His porch, above Rockport's T Wharf and inner harbor, was "the best place in the world to watch ladies from," he would say, and the ladies liked his wise-cracking and his easy smile. But some of the matrons of Rockport did not approve of Hodgkins' new life-style. Unfairly, they said he was drunk on the January morning in 1973 when he cracked up his Porsche, breaking nearly ev-

continued

A SAD SEASON nears its end, but hopeful Ellis Hodgkins keeps his boat and fishing gear at the docks in this quiet Rockport cove.



ery bone in his head, mangling a leg and losing the sight in his right eye. A nurse at the hospital that morning had his picture in her wallet. That helped them put his face together again. But now the depth perception in his good eye is shot, and he was color-blind to start with. He goes to gaff a fish and misses. He limps badly, his balance is bad, and though he never complains, often he is in pain. He has at least a foot of faint scars on his pleasant, handsome face, and his hair is prematurely flecked with gray. He still works for Volkswagen, as general manager now, a less taxing, less exciting job than tuna chartering. But he cannot stop dreaming of how it used to be. Catching big fish, he knows, confers a kind of immortality on a man: selling cars does not. And so, at 39, he waits for the old days to return. He has never ducked a challenge; every day he swims and lifts weights to strengthen his leg. In his little apartment, its ceiling a maze of rods and reels, the VHF receiver and the 23-channel citizen's band radio are left on round the clock. Sometimes he awakens at 4 a.m. to lie in the dark and listen to the captains of dragners 90 miles at sea. He does not want to miss a thing. He says, "If there's great fishing next year I'll be out every day."

It is a very big if.

The trouble really began when to most it seemed over—in the late '60s. The fishing had been awful from 1965 to 1969, but suddenly a supertanker of bluefin tuna appeared. In the fall of 1970 the 20-year all-tackle record was broken three times in three months, with fish of 985, 1,040 and 1,065 pounds, at Montauk Point, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. While tuna under 500 pounds were a rarity at every Atlantic tuna port, the giant fish kept coming into the new decade. Ellis Hodgkins brought a 786-pounder into Gloucester, his biggest ever, a tuna that would have gotten him elected mayor in 1960, when his fish averaged about 300 pounds. But no one even blinked now. Record-conscious anglers were thrilled, but scientists were worried. The huge fish were very old, they pointed out, and their breeding days were numbered. Medium-sized fish, of 70 to 270 pounds, with long futures as breeders, had become very scarce. And there was heavy commercial pressure on the small fish, those up to 100 pounds, the hope for the future.

Of all those who raised concerned voices, none had done more tuna research than Frank J. Mather III of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. His tagging programs had been the first to prove an intermingling of European and North American tuna, and he detailed the dramatic decline of the species in recent years in Europe; how once-great fisheries had failed in Germany, Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Morocco, Tunisia, Sardinia and Italy. In a paper, *The Bluefin Tuna Situation*, he wrote, "The Atlantic Bluefin Tuna is in trouble. . . . Unless some action is taken. . . the inevitable disappearance of these old fish will leave only a few small spawners, with low fecundity. This will mean the economic extinction of the species."

Then came the season of 1972. Fish buyers from Japan showed up on the East Coast and at Prince Edward Island. They came in September, when the giant tuna were fat from a summer of feeding, and they brought a lot of money. They waited each day for the wholesalers to buy the tuna from the fishermen, and then, the fish cleaned, they stuck probing fingers into the stomach cavities to check the fat content of the belly flank. Ah, they would say, all smiles, and within 24 hours the tuna were being flown to Japan, fresh—not frozen—out of New York.

The *sushi* shops were waiting for *toro*, the fat flesh of the bluefin tuna, a delicacy in Japan. They serve it as *sashimi* (raw fish) or as *sushi* (raw fish with rice). The buyers paid very well for the *toro*. Through much of the fall of 1973 the price of cleaned fish at Gloucester ranged from 85¢ per pound to \$1.50 as the season ended and the fish became scarce. And since a dressed-out tuna loses only about 20% of its weight, at \$1 a pound an 800-pound fish was worth \$640. Tuna fishing was becoming the Yankee equivalent of the Gold Rush. Said Charlie Curcuro, of Producers Fish Co., "There's no such thing as a sportsman anymore. A sportsman donates his fish to charity. Now they're the hardest bargainers of all."

Word got out fast, and soon the Massachusetts tuna grounds were *asswam* with everything short of bathtubs. Outboards were bobbing around 15 miles from land. Suddenly everyone and his brother wanted to be a tuna fisherman, and almost everyone caught tuna, giant tuna. Ellis Hodgkins, still recuperating

from his accident, brought in two one October evening, one of 580, the other of more than 600 pounds, and got 85¢ per pound. And at the Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries they were busy reviewing the status of the species.

On Aug. 1 of this year the state imposed a group of regulations on the fishery. Each vessel would be limited to two fish per day, or to a season's catch roughly equivalent to 80% of its 1973 catch. Purse seining was limited to September and October, and to the one boat that had already been active. There would be a seasonal limit of 225 tons from Cape Cod north, and of 1,200 tons in the offshore waters south of the Cape, primarily an area of small fish under 100 pounds. As drastic as the law seemed to fishermen, it was less so than this year's regulations in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where only rod-and-reel fishing is permitted, and a total of only 800 tuna may be caught before the season is closed. Still, it was a controversial move for Massachusetts. The strictly commercial men—the harpooners, seiners and handliners—insisted that there were more tuna than ever, of all sizes, but that the rod-and-reel men could not catch them because the heavy traffic overhead had made the fish smarter, or scarier, or because they had gone deeper, or just plain elsewhere.

Said Herb Randall of Newburyport, 28 years a tuna fisherman, first with rod and reel but more recently a harpooner, "I only spent half my life at sea, and there's Frank Mather sitting in his office, drinking cocktails and reading letters from fishermen in Sicily. Some Europe's tuna are in tough shape, but why pick on us? We've got a healthy fishery."

And in Rockport, Ellis Hodgkins, listening to his crackling radio at 4 a.m., could not decide whom to believe. "I feel a fellow like Frank Mather knows a hell of a lot more than I do," he said, "but who really knows? There may be 75 hours in one spot not catching a thing, and maybe there's fish 10 miles away, but everyone goes to the same spots, year after year."

Everyone had been fishing in Ellis Hodgkins' front yard for a long time. There had been no better fishing anywhere for really big fish—the last of the big breeders, as Frank Mather calls them—than at Stellwagen Bank and Jeffrey's Ledge, and in Ipswich Bay, where Hodgkins earned his first headline. He was a 98-

continued

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Tequila Stinger. A lizard symbolizes the fourth day of the Aztec week, representing cunning and quickness. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. green creme de menthe shake with crushed ice, strain and serve in chilled cocktail glass.



CUETZPALIN

Bloody Maria. The first day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a crocodile, representing alert and aggressive beginnings for all endeavors. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, 3 oz. tomato juice, ½ oz. lemon juice, dash of salt and pepper dash of hot sauce, dash of worcestershire; shake with cracked ice, strain into 6 oz. glass.



CIPACTLI



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Tequila Manhattan. The serpent symbolizes the fifth day of the Aztec week, representing colorful sophistication. The drink: 2 parts Gold Montezuma Tequila, 1 part sweet vermouth, squeeze of lime, serve on rocks in old-fashioned glass, garnish with cherry and orange slice.



Tequila Sunrise. A monkey symbolizes the eleventh day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited social fun. The drink: 1½ oz. Montezuma Tequila, ½ oz. lime juice, 3 oz. orange juice, ½ oz. grenadine; pour into tall glass with ice garnish with lime.



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pond 14-year-old then, with a 14-foot outboard with a five-horse Evinrude. One August afternoon, he bought a 15¢ mackerel and a handline, and while the Coast Guard searched for him he was 10 miles at sea, in mountainous swells, hauling in a 700-pound tuna. At the time Ipswich Bay was one of the world's first great tuna areas, and Ellis Hodgkins grew up with the new fishery.

The bay and the bank and the ledge he off Cape Ann, a rocky peninsula 30 miles northeast of Boston, extending six miles to sea. The city of Gloucester is on the Cape, and at its eastern tip, six miles away, is Hodgkins' Rockport, where his *LuAnn* is the only boat rigged for tuna. That explains why no tuna fisherman, not one, is as close to the best tuna fishing left in the U.S. as he, in his littleerie above Rockport Harbor. From his front door Stellwagen is 14 miles south, Jeffrey's 18 miles east and Ipswich three miles north. He is an hour closer to Jeffrey's than all the millionaires docked at Gloucester's Cape Ann Marina, which has fuel available and plenty of mooring space. Rockport has neither, so Hodgkins gases up in Gloucester, and squeezes his *LuAnn* into Rockport Harbor, a very small pond, where he is a very big fish.

Hodgkins lives above The Candle Shop, at the corner of T Wharf and Mount Pleasant Street. The view is pure Rockport—the sheltered inner harbor beneath, ringed with granite and rockwood, and bobbing with lobster boats. At its outer edge is Motif No. 1, an old red lobster shack that is supposedly the most pointed object in the U.S. Below Hodgkins' porch railing is a sign, advertising his tuna charters, which he has been meaning to remove for several years.

On a recent Saturday morning Hodgkins was awakened at 7 a.m. by a loud knock on the side of his open bedroom doorway, three feet from his nose. "Hey," said one of two large, unshaven men, "what time the fishing boats go out?"

Hodgkins sent the men down the wharf, to where the head boats were loading. Then he got up. It was a beautiful morning, and he was going tuna fishing.

He left his front door half open and on it he placed a large homemade GONE FISHING sign, one of a pile that includes AT WORK, SUSAN CALL ME AT JANET'S, AT CAPE ANN MARINA LOUNGE and SLEEPING TIME IN. He walked 25 feet

to the edge of T Wharf, boarded *LuAnn*, maneuvered through the packed inner harbor and past Motif No. 1. Outside the breakwater he headed south toward Stellwagen Bank.

His mate was a 25-year-old friend, Wayne Hale of Boston's Hale Fish Co., who says that Hodgkins is the most generous man in the world. Hale was 18 when Hodgkins, who hardly knew him, heard he liked fishing. "Go take my boat," Hodgkins said, "the keys are in it."

Twelve miles out they passed the area where in late October of 1962 Hodgkins caught five tuna, from 200 to 400 pounds, in one day—single-handed. He was still the Boy Wonder then. He was dating an American Airlines stewardess at the time, and she ran the boat. He had to fight the fish until they tired, jam the rod into its holder and then jump out of the fighting chair to do the gaffing. He believes the feat has never been equaled.

This day, he and Hale finally reached the northern edge of Stellwagen, another Hodgkins landmark. In July of 1959 he was running at 10 knots when a 50-foot finback whale came up under his bow, lifting his 38-foot boat four feet in the air. He told a reporter, "It was the most harrowing experience of my life."

The *LuAnn* was not the first boat to arrive at Stellwagen: 75 others could be seen. It looked like the rowboat pond in Central Park on July 4, which was fitting, because at least 25 of the boats were from the New York area, up for the summer, owned by wealthy men. Among the old-time New England fishermen there had been occasional mild resentment of these visitors, of the crowded conditions they had helped to create. All the boats, both rod and reel and commercial handline, were chumming with cut fish, dangling their baits 20 to 150 feet down, waiting. But Hodgkins, who is color-blind, cannot see the blue and silver flashes of tuna in deep water very well. Anyway, he prefers to troll. So he sat on his flying bridge, looking backward, outside the crush of boats, waiting for a tuna to crash on one of four skipping strings of squid. And he listened to the radio constantly. Others were busy watching the sonar, marking an occasional tuna, deep beneath the boats. But nobody was catching anything, and the airwaves were full of comedians. "I'm mockin' plenty," said a Gloucester man, mimicking a New York accent.

"I'm maakin' too," replied one of the New Yorkers in a Bostonian accent.

"Guess what?" came a voice from another boat.

"What?"

"I just had a roast beef sandwich."

"How many fish you got on board?" someone asked.

"Three," came the reply. "The skipper, the mate and me."

Some commercial handliners were fishing as many as a dozen lines. The ocean was white in places with chunks of chum, and the chances of a fish hitting any one chunk, with a hook in it, were slim. But five tuna were caught on Stellwagen that day, each more than 800 pounds. They were brought to Gloucester and sold for \$1 per pound. Fish of that size are so impressive that it was difficult for anyone, seeing them, to imagine the fishery was in trouble.

That evening Ellis Hodgkins' phone rang and the caller said, "Hey, I'm calling from the booth on T Wharf, about the tuna charters." Hodgkins stepped out onto the porch with the phone and said, "Well, here I am. Why don't you hang up and talk to me?" Then he told the caller about the 75 boats on Stellwagen, and the five fish. The caller said no thanks; Hodgkins knew that he would. He has been discouraging callers for 10 years. He wants his customers to have a much better chance than five in 75. He had eight paying customers this year. They had insisted on going out, but none of them caught a tuna, and there were no repeaters.

For Hodgkins a charter would have meant \$200, his current rate, up from the \$150 that he had charged the previous three years. Tuna fishing is an expensive proposition. In the last decade the price of fuel has doubled. The day's fishing on Stellwagen had cost him \$100. Ninety gallons of fuel had been used. Hodgkins said to a friend, "How many days can you go out without catching a fish to sell, when you're paying \$100 to do it? And besides, I'd like to see the tuna preserved."

He seemed to be contradicting himself. The fishing he loves is so expensive now that he would have to be consistently successful to afford it. But that success would contribute to its ruin, and that he seeks to avoid. Ellis Hodgkins' problem seemed to be that of all men. There was nothing he could think of to do to solve it. **END**



CONTINUING his charge at the Heisman Trophy, Davis says he "doesn't think about it."



COMING UP shy of his goal by 1,976 points did not cause John McKay to complain.

Incitement to riot the McKay way

After threats and wit had failed, a revived passing game saved USC

On the eve of what he called "our annual barnburner with Stanford," USC's John McKay stood contemplating the panorama from his tower suite atop Ricky's Hyatt House in Palo Alto, Calif. "Yes," he said, "this game will most probably decide who goes to the Rose Bowl." And yes, the coach added rather disconsolately, the previous week's 15-15 tie with California "blew any chance we ever had for the national championship." But then, watching the sun slip behind the distant Santa Cruz Mountains, he brightened at the thought of having already won another elusive title. "Right now," he said, savoring the moment, "I'm the most hated man in Northern California."

Wrestling that distinction away from so formidable a contender as Charles O. Finley, the ogre of Oakland, is not easy. Indeed, lest anyone overlook his qualifications, McKay took time out last week to diagram what he felt would be the key play in the showdown at Stanford. It began, according to his scribbblings, with the entire Trojan team sweeping to the left, stutter-stepping out of a crowded stadium exit, and then dodging a gauntlet of menacing fans lining the half-mile trek to the dressing rooms. Preaching as always that execution is everything, McKay briefed his players on the basics of surviving the long walk: "Keep your hat on. Smile. Be polite. Don't talk back. And keep moving."

As everyone in Greater Palo Alto was loudly reminded last week, this tricky maneuver was inspired by a McKay visit to Stanford Stadium two seasons ago when he and his Trojans tried to flee af-

ter a 30-21 victory. Complaining that fans "swore at us viciously" and directed "racial remarks" at his black players, McKay fumed, "I'd like to beat Stanford by 2,000 points."

As it happened, USC got ample satisfaction if not downright revenge last week, even if its winning margin came 1,976 points shy of Coach McKay's unannounced mark. The pregame controversy, in fact, seemed to be the final nudge pushing the Trojans out of a state of lethargy that has plagued them so far this season. The revival came none too soon for McKay. At various times he has described USC's performances this year as "spotty," "stupid," "uninspired" and, perhaps the unkindest cut of all for a proud Southern Cal team, "average." But not even McKay's biting wit, always good for a lift in a down situation, helped. "I could make those impassioned pep talks," he says, "but I figure it's better to keep the kids loose. I don't want to be responsible for any suicides."

The trouble was, the Trojans had been so loose that a shaving nick was as close as they might have come to self-destruction. That luck of do-or-die was shockingly apparent when, after McKay predicted, "We've got as good a chance as anybody to be No. 1," Southern Cal was upset in its first game by Arkansas, 22-7. Worse yet, Quarterback Pat Haden, who broke three USC records, tied two others and led the Pacific Eight in total offense and passing percentage last year, threw four interceptions and has not been the same since.

Though the Trojans went into the Stanford game with a respectable 5-1-1 record, their curtailed passing attack has caused some trying moments. Johnny McKay, the coach's son and Haden's prime receiver, says, "We had confidence in the past, but after a while it gets away from you."

Haden, resigned to throwing less than a dozen times a game, admits that his spirits, not to mention USC's ranking in passing offense, have scraped bottom. "McKay is a blocker now," he sighs, "and I'm a hand-off artist."

Anthony Davis, the man who is on the receiving end of those hand-offs more than half the time, feels that the Trojans are not as "close" as when he broke in. So he is doing his outgoing best to spread

continued

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a little love around, most notably on his unsung blockers. "Linemen are like mothers looking after their babies," he says. "They make a block, and then they wonder, 'What did my back do?'"

What Davis is doing this season is breaking records right, left and up the middle. Like any potential chicken-and-peas-circuit speaker, he insists that topping 1,000 yards in rushing for the third season in a row or expanding on his Pacific Eight record of 45 touchdowns is unimportant. "My only goal is to help the team go to the Rose Bowl," he says.

What McKay has taken to asking his young charges to ponder of late is the old but critical choice. "Either you really want to play hard or you don't." Despite their disjointed behavior ("Our record is probably better than we've played," says McKay), all the Trojans apparently need was some kind of jolt like, say, a festering controversy to bring all their talented parts together.

Coincidence or not, the recent release of a book entitled *McKay: A Coach's Story*, in which the Silver Fox reveals all about his "Better Rivalry" with Stanford, could not have been more providential. In hot detail, amplified by the Northern California press, McKay tells how the Palo Alto crowd threw rocks at his players and how the Stanford band deliberately interrupted USC's warmups and halftime meetings. Accusing Stanford of "cheap off-the-field tactics," McKay states that instead of deciding the game "from goal to goal line," Stanford was "putting our team in danger and encouraging a riot."

Something certainly encouraged the Trojans last week. McKay figured rightly that at the outset the fired-up Cardinals would be charging so hard they would be a setup for USC's moribund passing game. On the first play Haden, the reluctant thrower, tossed a screen pass that was good for 16 yards. He followed with three more equally startling passes in the next seven plays. Then, just when the befuddled Stanford defense began to hang back, Davis bolted off tackle for 20 yards and five plays later plunged in for the first score.

The drive, a beautifully varied assault that covered 75 yards in 14 plays, left the Cardinals in a state of shock from which they never seemed to recover. Stanford's quarterback, Mike Cordova, quickly took to the air but, hounded all afternoon by a snarly pack of USC defenders

led by Tackle Art Riley, his passing was at best haphazard (nine completions in 23 attempts). After his opening burst, Haden's arm proved only slightly more proficient (five for 14), but while the USC aerialist was continually overthrowing, Cordova was forever rifling the ball into the dirt, a penchant that has earned him the nickname "Coe-divot."

The first of three interceptions picked off by USC led to a field goal early in the second quarter. Then, in a neat display of extended razzle-dazzle, the Trojans sent Flanker Shelton Diggs on a reverse that netted 14 yards and followed up on the next play with Tailback Davis rolling out and hitting McKay with a nine-yard loss in the end zone.

Whatever hopes Stanford had of recovering from its 17-3 deficit at halftime were quickly dashed as Southern Cal capped a long drive with a 21-yard scoring jaunt up the middle by Davis.

After the scrubs had their day, the final score was 34-10. USC's dominance was so total that whatever hard feelings there might have been in Palo Alto were overcome by grudging admiration. Said Stanford Coach Jack Christensen, "SC put together one of the finest combinations of defense and offense I've ever seen as a team play. I don't know what motivated them. Maybe it was all that reverse psychology."

McKay, all sweetness and light after running his undefeated string of conference games to 23, offered no clues. Indeed, having served its purpose, the grimly threatened "long walk" turned out to be a friendly romp between players and fans. Or, in the words of Anthony Davis: "It was a parade of roses."

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

WEST Brigham Young eliminated Arizona State from this year's Western Athletic Conference title chase and all but assured the championship for itself in a 21-18 victory.

There were 14 turnovers in the game, eight of them by the winning Cougars. The difference was a defense that limited Arizona State's ballcarriers to 78 yards. "It was the best defensive effort I've ever seen here," said BYU Coach LaVell Edwards.

The Cougars got the game's decisive touchdown following an 80-yard drive with six minutes left. Two more wins over lesser opponents will clinch the league's Fiesta Bowl berth. "I've been there three times by myself," said Edwards. "It would sure be great to take the squad with me this time."

Arizona held second place by converting four turnovers into scores for a 34-21 victory over Colorado State. Jim Upchurch rushed for 132 yards, and Bruce Hill completed two touchdown passes. Texas-El Paso won its third in a row, 35-13 over Wyoming. Quarterback Bobby McKinley completed eight of 10 first-half passes for 148 yards and two TDs.

San Diego State clinched its third consecutive NCAA title by bombing Pacific 37-9. Monty Reedy showed the way by scoring three touchdowns and gaining 123 yards in 14 carries.

In the Pacific Eight, California racked Washington 52-26, UCLA outclassed Oregon 21-9 and Oregon State topped Washington State 17-3.

"We knew we couldn't get into a slugging match with Washington," California Coach Mike White said. "We had to throw, let it all hang out." Quarterback Steve Bartkowski did just that, setting a school total-offense record with 409 yards on 16 completions in 27 attempts. Wesley Walker carried scoring passes of 43 and 56 yards. UCLA, which lost Quarterback John Soanra earlier in the year, saw leading rusher Wendell Tyler sidelined against Oregon. It was the Bruins' first shut-out since 1969. Washington State helped the Beaver cause by losing three fumbles.

1. USC (8-1-1)

2. Arizona (6-2) 3. California (6-2-1)

MIDWEST The Oklahoma dressing room was strangely subdued after the second-ranked Sooners came in with a 37-0 win over Missouri following Ohio State's loss to Michigan State (page 28). No ranting, no raving, no index fingers pointed upward in the universal sign of No. 1. "Logically, we will be voted first," said Coach Barry Switzer, "but it presents a challenge to hold it."

Against Missouri the Sooners seemed ready for any challenge as they notched their third shut-out of the year and 17th consecutive victory. Grant Burget carried only six times, but he scored two touchdowns. Steve Davis attended five passes, and one of them produced another TD. The leading ground-gainers were Fullback Jim Little, with 155 yards and Joe Washington with 143.

The biggest stumbling block between Oklahoma and an undefeated season seems to be Nebraska, which hosts the Sooners on Nov. 23. The Cornhuskers started slowly against Iowa State but still managed a rain-soaked 23-13 victory. "We tried to pull the

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guards and tackles in the first half," explained Quarterback David Hamm, "but it just wouldn't work on a slick field. In the second half we took it right at them and it worked."

Nehrska's lead was 23-0 at the third quarter when Coach Tom Osborne started running in the substitutes. But in the fourth period an Iowa State touchdown and a recovered fumble brought the regulars back in. "I know their crowd boomed," Osborne said, "but our object is to win."

Kansas built a 13-0 lead against Colorado, but just before halftime Quarterback Scott McMichael suffered a concussion. He did not play in the second half, and neither did his teammates, really, as the Buffaloes stomped to a 17-16 victory. Kansas' offensive problems without McMichael were obvious in the fourth quarter, following a fumble recovery at the Colorado 44. All the Jayhawks could manage was a 23-yard field goal, which made the score 16-7. Then Melvin Johnson returned the ensuing kickoff 94 yards for a touchdown.

Colorado marched to victory following a Kansas fumble at its 40. Terry Kuntz, who had scored the Buffaloes' first touchdown, picked up 22 yards in a drive to the seven with 5:33 remaining. That set up a 24-yard field goal by Tom MacKenzie.

Oklahoma State turned Kansas State errors into a 29-5 victory. One blocked punt set up a touchdown and another was converted into a safety. The crushing blow was Bob Shephard's 83-yard touchdown return of an intercepted pass.

Michigan defeated Illinois 14-6 to assume Big Ten leadership, but the Wolverines were not too impressive in the process. Both their touchdowns came after long drives in the first 18 minutes, Gordon Bell going over from the line and Dennis Franklin from the one.

Illinois' touchdown came with 2:10 left in the game on a 45-yard punt return by Mike Gow. The Illini then recovered an onside kick and moved to the 16-yard line before running out of downs. "When you are on the road and let the home team off the hook," said the Wolverines' Bo Schlembecker, "this is what happens. We're happy to get out of here with a win."

The solemn quiet in the Illinois dressing room after the game had nothing to do with the narrow loss. It concerned the death of Defensive End Greg Williams, who was shot by party-crashers who raided his fraternity house at 2:20 a.m. the morning of the game. Williams was not staying with the team because an ankle injury had put him out of action. "I can't remember a game in all of my years of coaching that meant less when it was over," said Bob Blackburn afterward.

In other Big Ten games Bill Marek scored four touchdowns and rushed for 206 yards as Wisconsin mauled Iowa 28-15, Purdue committed six turnovers in a 24-20 loss to

Minnesota, and Northwestern edged Indiana 24-22.

Miami of Ohio stayed unbeaten and clinched its second straight Mid-American title by nipping Kent State 19-17. Dave Draugh's 39-yard field goal with six seconds left pulled it out. The kick came less than a minute after the Golden Flashes had gone ahead on a two-yard run by Larry Poole.

1. Oklahoma (8-0)
2. Ohio State (8-1) 3. Michigan (8-0)

SOUTHWEST

The Southwest Conference race became a mad scramble of old and new contenders following upset victories by Southern Methodist and Baylor. The Mustangs handed Texas A&M its first league loss 18-14 and the Bears stunned Texas 34-24.

Baylor's victory was the more startling, because the Bears had not defeated the Longhorns since the pre-Darrell Royal days of 1956. By running up their biggest point total ever against Texas they are in contention for their first conference title in 50 years and their first Cotton Bowl trip ever.

After the victory it was Royal himself who spoke to the Bears and encouraged them to keep on winning. "I want to congratulate you sincerely on a great victory," he told them. "You deserved to win. You had a chance to quit and you never did. You carried the fight to us. Don't look back now—go all the way."

Baylor scored on the game's fourth play, a 69-yard connection from Neal Jeffrey to Alcy Jackson, but the Longhorns held a commanding 24-7 lead at halftime. In the dressing room Bear Coach Grant Taffel reminded his players they had come from 47 points down earlier in the season to beat Florida State. "Texas is not Florida State," he admitted afterward, "but we didn't make any mistakes and we got after them."

The Baylor defense stiffened in the second half, allowing only 84 yards of offense and one Texas thrust beyond midfield. "We couldn't move them out," said Longhorn Tackle Bob Simmons. "They just stopped everything we ran."

It was the defense that got the Bears going offensively, since a blocked punt had set up a short scoring run by Jeffrey early in the third quarter. Two more touchdowns soon followed on Jeffrey's 54-yard pass to Ricky Thompson and a six-yard run by Philip Kent. Baylor found an appropriate way of celebrating the victory. It left the scoreboard lights on all night.

Unlike the Longhorns, A&M trailed all the way in its upset loss, falling behind at the half 16-0. SMU built the lead in rather unusual fashion. The first touchdown followed an 80-yard drive that was helped along by two pass-interference calls. The score came when Tight End Oscar Roan recovered

a fumble on the bounce and galloped the final 14 yards of a 27-yard play. A 43-yard return of a pass interception set up the second touchdown, Ricky Wesson's 20-yard run.

The Aggies got back in contention on 16-0 touchdowns by Fullback Jerry Honore Trailing 16-14 with 2:28 remaining, they took over on their 13. But on first down Tackle Steve Merton nailed Quarterback David Walker for a safety.

Even though it has an outside shot at going to the Cotton Bowl, Texas Tech is taking no chances on staying home for the holiday. After defeating Texas Christian 28-0, the Raiders accepted an invitation to play Vanderbilt in the Peach Bowl.

Texas Tech did not get mirrored offensively until Don Roberts replaced Tommy Dunsen at quarterback late in the first half of a scoreless game. Defensively, there were few problems. "I'm still trying to figure out their secondary," said TCU Quarterback Jimmy Dan Elmer. That secondary set up two touchdowns with interceptions.

Two years ago Rice Coach Al Conover fired up his team for Arkansas by throwing a folding chair through a dressing-room window. Last week he took the good-luck symbol from his office, where it has been ever since, and brought it back to Fayetteville. It didn't work. Arkansas won 25-6.

1. Texas A&M (7-2)
2. Houston (8-2) 3. Texas Tech (8-3-1)

EAST

Freshman Elliott Walker replaced injured Tony Dorsett in every possible way in Pittsburgh's 35-24 victory over Temple. Walker scored four touchdowns, three in the fourth quarter, and gained 169 yards in 25 carries. The Owls held a 17-14 lead entering the final period, but Walker's scoring runs of two, one and 62 yards saved the day for the Panthers.

Pittsburgh, it seemed, missed Dorsett about as much as Boston College missed its rushing leader, Mike Espino. Espo's replacement, Earl Strong, gained 145 yards and scored two touchdowns as the Eagles blew past Tulane 27-3. Strong was only half of a devastating one-two punch that included Keith Barnett, who picked up 156 yards and tallied one TD. Fred Steinfort, a junior soccer-style kicker, provided the other points with field goals of 20 and 35 yards. He is now seven for 10 overall, with four successful attempts from beyond the 50. BC has won its last three. Tulane has lost its last three.

Army and Navy both posted victories, the Cadets edging Air Force 17-16 on Mike Marquer's 33-yard field goal with 17 seconds left and the Midshipmen holding off The Citadel 28-21. Marquer was an unlikely hero for Army. The team's regular kicker, Mike Castelli, was injured in the first quarter, so it was up to Marquer to offset three field goals by the Falcons' Dave Lawson.

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Some other independents were more easily. Kirk Lewis accounted for 214 yards of total offense in his first start at quarterback as West Virginia thrashed Syracuse 39-11. Rutgers Quarterback Bert Kuesp passed for two touchdowns and ran for another in a 35-0 trouncing of Lafayette. And Lehigh bludgeoned Davidson 53-6 by scoring 11 points in the second period.

Yale and Harvard, recording easy victories, remained unbeaten in the Ivy League. The Elis routed Pennsylvania 37-12 while the Crimson pounded Princeton 34-17. Rudy Green and Don Geacks each scored twice for Yale, and Mike (The Pineapple) Holt ran and passed for all the TDs in Harvard's victory. The Ivy title showdown will be The Game on Nov. 23.

Dartmouth, out of the Ivy race for the first time in six years, shut out Columbia 21-0. Brown scored twice in the fourth quarter to upset Cornell 16-8.

1. Penn State (7-3) 2. Pittsburgh (7-3) 3. Temple (6-3)

SOUTH On the weekend that the mighty fell, college football's most frustrated loser rose. After 20 consecutive defeats, including eight this year, Florida State upset Miami 28-14.

"This is probably the ultimate way of finally winning a game—in Miami and in the Orange Bowl," Coach Darrell Mudra enthused afterward. "It certainly is a thrill to turn this thing around. I hope it sets a pattern and we can win 20 straight."

The victory was keyed by Steve Matheson, who came off a shoulder injury that had shelved him for five games to make his first start of the season. Matheson completed 12 of 22 passes for 172 yards and one touchdown, a 48-yarder to Joe Goldsmith.

After Florida State's upset win on Friday night came Florida's upset loss on Saturday. The Sugar Bowl-bound Gators were derailed by Georgia in a dramatic 17-16 contest. Just as last year, when it won 11-10, Florida tried to salvage victory on a two-point conversion pass. This one, with 28 seconds remaining, failed. It was Georgia's two-point pass from Matt Robinson to Rich and Appleby that proved the difference. The decisive play followed a five-yard run by Horacio King.

Alabama Coach Bear Bryant has been telling his players all year, "All you have to do is win. Keep winning and everything will fall into place." That philosophy could produce a national championship for the Crimson Tide, which held on as one of the Top 20's three unbeaten, untied teams by routing Louisiana State 30-0.

It was the third shutout of the year for Alabama and extended its streak of scoreless quarters to 14. "The defense has developed a motto," says Linebacker Ron Robertson,

"Get that goose egg. Those zip socks look awful, pretty on the scoreboard."

Bryant called it "our best defensive game of the year. We were worried about the game beforehand, but after I saw our defense operate a while I wasn't worried."

Auburn was hearing bells in its game with Mississippi State, but that did not prevent the Tigers from winning 24-20. "Their fans rang cowbells every time we had the ball," said Shug Jordan. "We had two offside penalties and fumbled six inches from the goal line because we couldn't hear our signals."

Despite a 17-0 first-half lead, the Tigers

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: SMU's 275-pound Middle Guard Louis Kuchler overcame double- and triple-team blocks to make 24 tackles in the Mustangs' upset of Texas A&M. "I've never seen a greater performance," Coach Dave Smith said later.

OFFENSE: Quarterback Neal Jeffrey rolled surprising Baylor to five scores in six second-half possessions against Texas. Overall, he completed 20 of 31 passes for 331 yards and two touchdowns and rushed a yard for another

did not seal down the victory until they intercepted a Bulldog pass in the final 30 seconds. Big plays proved the difference. A 60-yard run by Rick Neel set up the first TD, a 52-yard punt return by Mike Fuller provided the second, and Secondine McIntyre scored the third on a 54-yard gallop.

Condredge Holloway became Tennessee's all-time total-offense leader by reaching the 3,658-yard mark in the Volunteers' 34-6 victory over Memphis State. Holloway highlighted the day by churning down a bad snap on a point-after attempt and passing 20 yards for two points.

Kentucky had a surprisingly easy time with Vanderbilt, winning 38-12 behind Mike Fanuzzi's two touchdowns and John Preece's three field goals. It was a costly victory. Fullback Sonny Collins suffered a broken leg while scoring in the second quarter.

North Carolina State, the second-best team in the Atlantic Coast Conference, accomplished what Maryland, the ACC's best, could not—a defeat of Penn State, The Wolfpack seniors kept their 16-game home record unblemished in a 12-7 victory. Fullback Stan Finis rushed for 112 yards, scored one touchdown and passed for another.

Maryland rocked Villanova 41-0. Virginia trounced VMI 28-10, and in league games Duke defeated Wake Forest 24-7 and Clemson massacred North Carolina 54-32.

1. Alabama (6-0) 2. Florida (7-2) 3. Auburn (6-1)

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It was the coldest October roundup anyone could remember. The temperature hovered between zero and 10 above on Friday and Saturday nights at the 16th annual Eastern Draft Horse-pulling showdown, and by Sunday afternoon even the hardest teamsters were frozen. They had traveled to North Swanzey, N.H. from as far away as Michigan and Kentucky, and now between events they huddled over coffee-pots in their campers or around the heated pails of water used to prevent the horses from being chilled. But neither Danny Reed, a blond, 34-year-old black-

smith from Raynham, Mass., nor Dick Wallingford, who runs a logging business in West Forks, Maine, paid the weather any mind. Sunday night their teams of draft horses would be pulling in the heavyweight, free-for-all division to settle a rivalry that had simmered through a season of county fairs and 4-H exhibitions from Maine to Ohio.

"All last year Dick beat me and I had to be content with second," said Reed, thumbs hooked under the straps of his Big Smith overalls. "Then he went out West and bought a new horse that didn't pull as well with his Rock, and I started beating him. We've both been waiting for the roundup for quite a while."

Wallingford, limping noticeably from a snowmobile accident last winter and showing the strain of having hauled his team of horses 25,000 miles since May, agreed, with traditional New England understatement. "It'd be very nice to win," he said. Sunday was his 30th wedding anniversary.

Like the people who perpetuate it, the sport of horse pulling, or horse drawing, in New England is uncluttered, stylized

and immutable, an agrarian drama conferring ritualistic status upon the beast that once provided men and women with their livelihood. Even the wealthier owners who hire teamsters to drive for them spring from the same roots as men like Danny Reed, and in the arena it is impossible to distinguish the rich from the poor. The rules of the sport are simple enough: a team of two powerful draft horses, either Belgians or Percherons, hitched side by side, pulls a wooden sled (also called a boat) piled high with oblong concrete blocks a distance of six feet. Each team has five minutes to make three attempts at a given weight. When all teams competing finish a round, more weight is added to the sled. The pair of horses pulling the greatest weight wins, but a teamster's style, or the desire of the team, is as important to devotees as a victory.

The crowds, overflowing the bleachers on both sides of the dirt pit, share a lifestyle with the teamsters and handlers who compete. They are weather-beaten men in overalls and heavy boots with hands the color and texture of coarse-grade sandpaper, accompanied by sons who at nine and 10 already punctuate sentences with machine-gun bursts of saliva, deadly accurate to 15 feet, and wives who still cook heaping pots of beef stew for noontime meals, far from the world of peach halves and cottage cheese. In hushed tones they talk knowledgeably of the massive horses who stand quietly in pairs at one end of the arena, decked out in ornamented harnesses and ponderous collars that distribute the impact of the weight. Grouped around the horses, the teamsters, helpers and assorted hangers-on eye each other's teams, spit tobacco juice in the dirt and wait for the competition to begin. Horse pulling is in their blood, as stock-car racing is in the blood of the rural South, and men like Danny Reed and Dick Wallingford are their Donnie Allisons and Richard Petty's.

In the old days they came out of the forests of northern Maine with their teams of horses, out of the heavily wooded mountains in Vermont and New Hampshire where, in the days before Ski-Doo's and ski lodges, only the loggers went. They were frost-bitten, powerful men in heavy woolen Malone pants, plaid shirts and suspenders, with wads of chewing tobacco in their cheeks and limbs twisted from old logging accidents;

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hard-drinking gypsy loggers, French Canadian and Yankee farmers, brutal backwoods laborers and road builders, all of them horsemen in their own way. Not racehorse men or ropers or bareback men, but men who worked teams of 2,400-pound draft horses up and down the logging trails in 20°-below snow and knee-deep springtime mud, or back and forth across rock-infested fields, or through the stands of sugar maples, the horses pulling sleds loaded down with sap buckets. Several times a year they come to drink and fight and talk horses and trade horses and compete in the horse-drawing contests, their teams pulling extraordinary weights across dirt arenas at local fairs throughout New England. And then, as now, they loved those giant beasts who would pull their hearts out for men who knew how to handle them.

Frank Lambert, from Bethel, Vt., at 73 the oldest teamster at this roundup, remembers the way it used to be. "I been drawin' hosses for 53 years," he said, turning up the collar of his lumber jacket against the wind, "and of course it's changed some. There's more money boys in it now. Used to be we'd all get together with the hosses we used for loggin' 'n have us a hoss draw. The women'd make the ribbons 'n we'd bring along two, three gallons o' mountain dew. Had us a hell of a good time. So many folks started showin' up we began to charge admission and use the money for prizes. It was all a game, but now some of these fellas pay over \$10,000 for a hoss. They're out for blood. Over in New York State they threw two guys out of the association for druggin' their hosses." A few years back Lambert, on his death bed, asked his wife to buy a pair of draft horses so he could look out his bedroom window and see them standing in the pasture. He was so sick she bought them with the understanding that the seller would buy them back when Lambert died, but the sight of those horses inspired Lambert to recover and the following season he was back driving his team.

Other things have changed besides the cost of horses since the days when Frank Lambert started pulling. Friday night, for example, under a crescent moon on the dirt track outside the arena, the horses pulled in a dynamometer free-for-all event. The dynamometer, favored in Midwest horse pulling and called "the

machine," is a Rube Goldberg contraption of chains, hooks, weights and pulleys mounted on the back of a flatbed truck. When the horses pull on a hook below the rear bumper the weights in the truck bed rise on a steel shaft, allowing a hydraulic valve to open in the transfer case, in turn allowing the vehicle to roll. The horses have to pull the truck 27½ feet. In New England, horse pullers greet this pandering to the industrial revolution with about as much enthusiasm as they first showed toward the oil refinery Aristotle Onassis proposed for their coastline. But, as Percy Culver, president of the Eastern Draft Horse Association and organizer of this year's roundup, said, "We wanted the boys from out West to be happy, so we brought in the machine." Twenty teams pulled, with Danny Reed grabbing first place from the highly considered Stimmer brothers of Jackson, Mich. Dick Wallingford, saving his team for Sunday's showdown, did not enter.

After his victory in the machine pull, Danny Reed and his wife Vicki partied with some other horse pullers and then, despite the near-zero temperature, slept in the hay in the rear of Reed's woodensided horse trailer. In the morning neither Reed nor Colonel, his dark gray Belgian lead horse, was moving too well. Colonel, in fact, lay stretched out in his stall like a beached whale, now and then lifting his head to see who was around. "Colonel was crazy when I first got him," said Reed. "It took me two years to train him so he'd have confidence in me and want to pull. I worked him real slow, tell-

ing him he was doing right even when he wasn't. Then one day he got me so mad I had to whip him with the reins. He's been fine ever since." Reed's other horse, Diamond, a 17-year-old Percheron, was considered over the hill, since prime pulling age for draft horses is between eight and 12, but Diamond has turned out to be the George Blanda of horse pulling, teaming up with Colonel for many clutch victories.

"A good team is 90% desire," said Reed, "and I worked both of mine real easy at home so they'd keep their heart. Colonel always wants to lead, and I had to be careful not to let Diamond lose his confidence. I'd shorten up on Colonel's bit and let Diamond get out in front just a hair. I've been resting them for three weeks before the roundup. They were gotten' tired from so much pullin'."

In a nearby barn Dick Wallingford was feeding Rock, his 12-year-old Belgian gelding that weighs 2,200 pounds and stands 19 hands high at the withers. Wallingford, 49, who has been drawing horses since 1942, considers Rock to be the strongest horse he has ever seen. During the roundup another horse puller offered \$15,000 for him, but Wallingford was not selling the prize horse he purchased from an Amish farmer in Illinois. Plenty of trading does go on at every horse pull, though, because one teamster is always convinced he can do better than another with the same horse. In a sense horse pulling shares certain characteristics of contemporary marital customs.

Neither Danny Reed nor Dick Wallingford entered Saturday's event, an arcane pull native to parts of Maine called "two pound of rock," in which horses pull double their own weight as far as they can in five minutes. "I hate distance pulling," said Danny Reed. "It wears a horse's heart out, and I don't care for that machine, either. Six foot on a sled's real horse pulling."

So all day Saturday and far into the night groups of men and women gathered to pass the bottle, families ate steaming chicken in the 4-H food barn and teenagers necked wherever they could. Through all the cold and wind and mud of the Cheshire Fairgrounds people talked, lived and breathed horse pulling, speculating on the outcome of Sunday's pull.

First there would be the lightweight 3,000-pound class—total weight of a team not exceeding 3,000 pounds—with



GAME LOSERS RICHARD AND HIS ROCK

continued

Nate Black, Arthur Durgin and his brother Ronnie, the Trundy Brothers and Novaé Bergeron among those entered. And then the heavyweights, with Reed, Wallingford, Harold Brigham, Charlie Winter and old Frank Lambert, all names that sparked the kind of controversy that John Newcombe vs. Jimmy Connors does among tennis fans.

Saturday night Danny Reed's luck suddenly turned sour. Colonel, after acting funny all day, developed large boils on his legs and neck, a reaction to paint from the walls of his stall at the fairgrounds. Heartbroken, the little blacksmith packed up and left the roundup, arriving home at 3 a.m. He treated Colonel himself until six and then took the horse to the vet, who told Danny he could pull with him. "At first I thought the hell with it," Reed said, "but the vet assured me Colonel would be O.K." Back into the horse truck went Danny and his wife, and at 2 p.m. Sunday they were again in North Swanzey.

In an age that equates excellence in

sports with six-figure incomes, private planes and fat endorsement checks, such dedication may seem anachronistic, if not downright ridiculous. Top money at the roundup, heavyweight division, was \$115, plus a trophy and two pounds of naturally aged Vermont cheddar cheese. On the other hand, Shorty Dyke will never have to sell his house in Anson, Maine and uproot his wife and kids after being traded to San Diego, and as yet no teamster has had to resort to transcendental meditation for inner peace. Give him a chew of Beechnut, a nip of home brew and the company of his friends at a good horse draw and things will work out fine. Never mind if the cost of feeding two horses and driving 25,000 miles a season far outstrips anything he could earn, even with a first place team. Horse pullers, after all, do more than promote and cherish a sport. They fiercely protect and defend a way of life.

Late Sunday morning the bitter north wind picked up, the sky turned heavily overcast and occasional flurries of snow

whistled across the fairgrounds. Percy Culver convened a meeting of the teamsters to decide whether to pull inside the arena or out. "Cold enough for ya, Percy?" one driver yelled. "Why, hell," Percy said, "ain't no colder'n it was wet last week." Nonetheless, inside won hands down.

At 8 p.m. Sunday 18 heavyweight teams and their handlers gathered at one end of the unheated arena, the crowd of about 2,000 blanketed and long-johned fans made final bets among themselves and the long-awaited free-for-all horse draw began. "O.K., boys," said Junior Edwards, the announcer, in a voice that could peel the bark off a tree, "the starting weight is 5,000 pounds. Team No. 1 is J. D. Durgin and sons from Antrim, N.H., Ronnie Durgin don't the drivin'."

The teamster, reins in hand, a dead cigar in the corner of his mouth and a hunting hat on his head, flanked by two tobacco-chewing attendants called evenermen, marched the length of the arena behind the great horses prancing with

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high-held tossing heads. As they approached the weight-laden sled the men circled ceremoniously and slowly backed the wild-eyed beasts up to the hitch. An iron bar with an eye in it, called a whiffle tree, secured to the horses' traces by an evener-bar, was placed over the hook of the sled by one of the eveners-men while the teamster cajoled, commanded and muscled the horses back and forth. This is a task on the order of threading a needle and stopping a runaway freight train at the same time and, with more than two tons of psyched-up horseflesh rearing and pawing the ground, disaster is always imminent. Later in the evening Ronnie Durgin's brother, who won the afternoon 3,000-pound pull, was flipped 30 feet across the dirt when an evener-bar broke. Durgin flew one way, his plug of Redman flew another and his horse went right over him. Durgin was lucky to escape with only a shoulder separation.

They pulled for more than four hours, slowly eliminating one team and then another until, at 12:45 a.m. Monday, the

John Deere payloader placed two 750-pound blocks atop the stack already on the sled to bring the weight to 20,250 pounds. Four teams remained: Wallingford, Reed, Charlie Wimler from Durham, Conn. and Magill & Kimball from West Burke, Vt. The crowd, numbed by the cold, was silent and tense. Now the teamster's coordination and the horses' ability to pull simultaneously were crucial. At the instant of each hitch the teamster's command sent the horses surging forward against the weight with a nose like eight interior linemen battling heads. For four or five seconds they pulled, necks stretched parallel to the dirt, chests and shoulder muscles bulging, mouths agape, legs digging for a hold in the loosely packed earth, the teamster, down low between their hindquarters, calling to them, "Now, Rock, yeah, Rock. Pull Rock, Rock, Rock," then unhitching while another team approached. Both Wimler and Magill & Kimball failed in three tries to move the weight six feet.

On Magill & Kimball's best effort—

68 inches—the only noise in the arena was the groan of the horses. The weight was raised to 21,250 pounds for Reed and Wallingford. The payloader and six or seven hearty men adjusted the weight on the sled as the two teamsters circled each other in the arena, keeping their teams moving to avoid a chill. Then Danny Reed hitched Colonel and Diamond to the sled and pulled the distance on his first try. Dick Wallingford's team moved three times and the roundup was over.

"Yu did good, Danny," Dick Wallingford said, as Reed passed him en route to the trophy ceremony. Wallingford was disappointed but not disheartened. "I'll have to get a better horse this winter to pull with Rock," he reflected. Just then a wily old logger with no teeth and tobacco juice on his chin approached. "Wanna buy my horse, Richard?" he said. "Watcha take for him?" asked Wallingford. "Watcha gimme?" "I dunno," said Wallingford. "I ain't seen him yet." Preparations for next year's showdown were under way.

END



John Cunningham Jr. is a French horse trainer of British descent with remarkable presence and unshakable confidence. In the early morning of a bright, crisp day last week at Laurel Race Course in Maryland, he watched as his long shot in the Washington, D.C. International, Admetus, paced slowly around the walking ring before going out for a loosening gallop.

He was the only person there watching Admetus Dahlia, the strapping American-bred French filly who won the International in 1973 and already in 1974 had broken the money-winning record for fillies, drew the eyes and the praise of almost everyone else. Cunningham looked at her briefly and shrugged a typically Gallic shrug.

"She is, certainly, a very fine animal," he said. "She has a brilliant burst of speed. But my horse is stronger."

Cunningham is a rather round man with sharp, heavy-lidded eyes and rosy cheeks that pay tribute to the wines of his native country. He walked out to the track to watch Maurice Philippon, his jockey, take Admetus through the training run. The horse moved easily over the grass with a graceful reaching stride and finished with a short sprint noteworthy for its quick acceleration.

Cunningham turned away with a small smile. "He worked very well," he said in his French-accented English. "My horse stays very well at a mile and a half and he finishes very well. He has not been given enough credit here. In the last race he has run, the Prix Conseil de Paris at Longchamp on Oct. 20, when he finished sixth, he gave 18 pounds to every horse in the race and the going was very bad. You can't give 18 pounds to classic horses. But here is different. The going is firm, and he is not giving away much weight. He is strong enough to outrun Dahlia and the other horses, too."

Admetus had been invited to the International for an essentially negative reason, John Schapiro, the owner of Laurel who initiated the race in 1952, sifts the horses of the world very carefully, beginning with those running in the Coronation Cup in England in June and on through the Arc de Triomphe in Paris in October.

"I met with the owners of Admetus

No way to treat a lady

It was—horrors—a Frenchman who upset the celebrated Dahlia

in July," he said before the race. "They called my attention to the horse. They didn't ask to be invited in so many words, but they suggested Admetus was worth looking at. Then he ran in August at Deauville and beat a good field there. He had won four other good races and he had one other thing going for him: Admetus is a gelding, so he could not be running and risking defeat in the Arc. That's essentially why he was invited."

After finishing first in the race at Deauville, Admetus was disqualified and placed second because Philippon, the jockey, had rapped Ashmore, the second-place horse, smartly across the nose with his whip when he came alongside Admetus. Philippon did not have to resort to any such unmannerly tactic in the International. He rode Admetus with the same sort of confidence that Cunningham had shown, and when he asked the gelding for speed in the stretch, Admetus moved quickly into the lead.

Lester Piggott, England's best jockey, who was riding Dahlia, had kept her on the rail near the back of the pack for most of the race, obviously relying on her celebrated closing rush and trusting to find a hole for her when the time came. "The hole is usually there," Piggott said before the race. "I am not worried." But this time the hole was not there when Dahlia needed it. As the field came off the last turn into the stretch, Piggott had to take her wide, outside horses, to the middle of the track.

In the meantime Philippon, who had been fourth most of the way behind the slow pace set by the American filly Desert Vixen, made his bid, and the hole Piggott missed opened wide for

him. Golden Don and Margoudlat, another French horse, swung wide, giving Admetus a clean run at Desert Vixen. He passed the tiring leader with no trouble, and when Dahlia came up on his flank, he met that challenge just as easily and was pulling away at the finish. Desert Vixen was second by three-quarters of a length, and Dahlia, third, was another three quarters behind.

Philippon, a handsome young man who appears much too mild to beat back challengers with a flailing whip, said after the race that he had not been worried at all. "Pleuse, speak more gently," he said to a questioner. "More slow. I have not the good English. The pace helped. Very slow. But I thought I was winning the race all the way. I gave a small acceleration in the backstretch to position my horse, then I keep my eye on Dahlia, so I know when she was moving up. And I know she would not catch me, too."

Maurice Zilber, Dahlia's trainer, also had appeared confident in the days before the race, with one curious lapse. In 1973, after Dahlia won, Zilber said she was only at about 60% of her ability. This year he had been saying his filly was truly fit and ready and should be named Horse of the Year after her victory. But the day before the race, for a few moments, he seemed doubtful.

"She has been out of France for a long while," he said. "Shipping a horse several weeks before a race can make a problem. Horses may not be very smart but they have good memories. A horse knows where it lives and a horse can get homesick, too. When that happens, the horse gets confused and it is not possible to train properly."

Dahlia had been abroad for a month by the time she ran at Laurel, but she did not appear to have suffered as much from homesickness as from Piggott's rather overconfident ride.

In finishing second, Desert Vixen made a truly distinguished effort. She was running on turf for the first time in her racing life, competing against colts and going a mile and a half. She had never raced more than a mile and ³/₁₆ths before, but nonetheless she handled the turf course, the longer distance and the colts well. She just could not quite handle the gelding.

END

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less flat trunk lid. Other cars may hold more golf balls. We hold more suitcases.

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The moral of the story

We could go on with examples like this for page after page. But there's really only one surefire way for you to find out if Datsun really is better. Put down this magazine, get your coat, go to your nearest Datsun dealer and take a test drive and a long, hard look at the Datsun of your choice. Look at the little things, like how the doors fit, how the paint covers what it should and keeps off what it shouldn't. Check out the details as well as the big things. It's the little things that make your car a friend or enemy, over the long haul. And the long haul is what Datsun is all about.

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Romance versus realism on a cruel sea

In Key West's offshore powerboat race the rooster tails were as lofty and the men as intrepid as ever, but ignominy awaited a new marvel and injury a salty old hand. Even for the winner it was touch and go

It is easy to romanticize the sport of offshore powerboat racing—and almost as dangerous as the sport itself. Once they have gotten to speed, the long, slim hulls seem to leap from wave to wave with the grace of a greyhound marlin. The crews, standing erect against their padded back rests, appear almost military in their insouciance, like so many young PT-boat skippers dashing to meet the Imperial Japanese fleet. The sound of the engines, as visceral as anything heard at the stock-car track: the lofty white rooster tails erupting yards behind the slashing screws; the loud and lovely violation of the rolling seas for nothing more than the hell of it and a pudding \$2,000 first prize—all of it puts one in mind of old-time automobile racing back before that sport got so costly in terms of life and loot. But in Florida last week, during the 12th annual running of the Key West Offshore Race, romance got the deep six and a hard, hairy realism ruled the waves.

For openers, the favorite in the field of 10, Paul Cook's "tunnel-hulled" catamaran *Kudu*, crashed into the first checkpoint boat only a few minutes after the start of the 190-mile race and required in ignominy. That was not the only error. Another boat whose crew was new to the Key West course missed a check-

point out in the flats and took off for Texas, despite the ardent pleas of officials on the voice radio. It had to be herded back by airplane. Worst of all, the veteran Roger Hanks and one of his crewmen were seriously injured when their *Blonde III* suddenly swapped ends at 80 miles per hour. The race was eventually won by another old pro, Miami's Sammy James, in the 38-foot Bertram *Whiskey Mopie*, but just barely. The slam-bang stresses of the ride peeled the fiber-glass rear transom from James' boat as neatly as if Poseidon himself had slapped it away.

Technologically, at least, Paul Cook's debacle was the most disappointing turn of the weekend. Offshore racing has been dominated for the past two decades by the so-called deep-vee hulls—Cigarettes, Bertrams and Gars. With hull design virtually stagnant, races were won by a few more ergs of power carved out of highly tuned engines or a few seconds pared from the course by highly tuned drivers. That was very gratifying for the participants but often dull for the spectators. Then along came Cook, 50, of Atherton, Calif. His *Kudu* has become to offshore racing what Jim Hall's first winged Chaparrals were to sports cars. It brings aerodynamics into the picture,

thus changing the whole technical concept of high-speed powerboating.

Designed by Californian Ron Jones, *Kudu* rides atop the waves, her 12-foot-wide deck acting as a lifting wing between the boat's two 35-foot-long pontoons. The pointed bows give the boat the look of some strange aquatic antelope.

A slow starter because of the added drag of an extra hull, *Kudu* comes into her own on calm seas and in full throttle. Under those conditions she smoked the Cigarettes, and all the other competition, for that matter, in September's San Francisco offshore race, blasting under the Golden Gate Bridge at a top speed of 93 mph and establishing not only a new record for the race but also a new U.S. racecourse record of 79.2 mph. *Kudu*'s twin 496-cubic-inch Mercruiser engines generate more than 1,200 horsepower, nearly double the oomph put out by a Can-Am or Indy racer.

"We've got power to burn," said Cook on the eve of the Key West Race. A serious, almost solemn aerospace engineer turned industrialist, Cook got into offshore racing after officiating at several meets and deciding that something new could and should be done to stimulate the sport. His wife Betty came along for more than the ride: she pilots a produc-

continued



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tion-class 31-foot Bertram, the *Mongoose*, with the same grit her husband brings to the open class. "We name all our boats after animals," said Cook, "because it's a brute of a sport."

To a competition notable for its hard drinking, hell-for-leather exuberance, the Cooks bring a thoughtful, almost staid, coloration. After all, boat names like *Kudu* and *Mongoose* sound serious in contrast to others in the Key West fields: *Makai Bustin*, *Beep-Beep Toy* and *Rageful Apr*.

Still, more than power to burn and seriousness to spare was necessary in last Saturday's race. A little bit of luck was also required, and in that respect it was just not Paul Cook's day. No sooner did he light up *Kudu's* engines at the Naval Annex dock than he blew an oil pump. During the next hour the pump was pulled and replaced, Paul sweating the while in his trim red racing suit with the stylized kudu on the back. Then, shortly after the start, as he strove to catch up with the field, *Kudu's* power steering failed. "We went on after trying to fix it," he said, "but when I came up on the first checkpoint boat I couldn't hold us clear. We punched a hole in her hull with one of our sponsors." Fortunately, only sensibilities were injured in the collision. The true test of *Kudu's* future,

the rough water beyond the far checkpoints, was never reached. Well, as they always say in racing, wait until next year.

The lesson in offshore realism administered to Roger Hanks was far more abrupt. A full-throttle oil millionaire from Midland, Texas, Hanks had won the 1971 Key West race and was running smoothly in his 36-foot *Cigarette* during the early stages of this one, moving up steadily from fifth place with an eye on the leaders. Roaring out of the harbor toward the fourth checkpoint at Smith Shoal, he seemed to have paced his race nicely. The heavy seas still lay ahead. Scudding along at nearly 80 mph and with plenty of water under his keel, Hanks' *Blonde III* suddenly snapped a steering linkage, slewed sideways to the right and came to a stop virtually within its own length.

Five tons of boat, decelerating from that kind of speed, generates quite a momentum, as the physicists say. In auto racing terms it would be roughly equivalent to Swede Savage's fatal collision with the wall in Turn Four at Indianapolis 1½ years ago, but fortunately without the fire. Hanks was slammed face first onto the gunwale and knocked cold, with his crash helmet flying off to land in the water nearly 100 feet from the boat. His throttle man, a tough Texan named Sam Thomas, tried to duck under the forward bulkhead, a standard evasive maneuver in a spout of that sort, but ended up with a faceful of shattered fiber-glass. Amazingly, Navigator Steve Stettin emerged unhurt and flagged down a passing helicopter.

Hovering over the stalled boat, the copter crew viewed a spooky scene. Now you see 'em, now you don't. With Thomas wedged out of sight under the bulkhead and Hanks' orange helmet floating a long way off, it seemed at first as if someone had been thrown clear in the crash. Hanks lay sprunked over the port gunwale face down in a pool of blood. He was ominously still. Then, after a minute or two, he began to come around, shaking his head groggily and trying to raise his arms. A Coast Guard patrol boat raced the injured men back to Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, where Hanks was listed in fair condition with cracked cheek and brow bones, broken ribs and internal bleeding. His left eye was damaged in the wreck and Dr. Bob Magoon, an eye specialist and offshore

racing legend who had won the Key West race in 1970, stood ready to fly down from Miami should his special skills be needed.

The sudden end of Hanks' stern chase left the race to the front-runners. Sammy James, 40, a vice-president of the Bertram Yacht Company, led from the start clear on out to the Dry Tortugas, nearly 100 miles west. Then trim tab troubles forced him to ease off on the throttle. Bob Higgins of Miami, driving *The Red Baron*, a 32-foot *Cigarette* of ancient and honorable lineage (it had won the 1971 world championship), nipped into the lead as the boats swung around the Tortugas and began the pounding ride back home. That was too much for James. "I was worried about stability," he said later. "The seas were standing up out there, up to 14 feet high, but I told my throttle man to nail it and we went right back after them."

And catch them he did, blowing home with a 2½-minute lead over the *Blow*. A crowd of more than 5,000 lined the dockside at Mallory Square and cheered James in. Then came the traditional dunking and champagne ablutions all around. James' total elapsed time of two hours, 51 minutes worked out to an average speed of 66.7 mph, not a record but plenty fast enough for the day. Only six of the original 10-boat field finished the race and for a while it looked as if only five would do it. Jack Tushinsky, a newcomer from Encino, Calif., missed the checkpoint out Tortugas way and went 35 miles off course. Only the timely intervention of a plane that vectored him back to Key West kept Tushinsky's 36-foot *Cigarette*, the *Jouqui Jack*, from leaping clear across the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston, Texas.

The scene that night at the Pier House, Key West's swinging race headquarters, was reminiscent of those war movies in which the pilots who survived the murderous mission whooped it up hysterically to forget their woes. Booze flowed and bull roared. Drunks staggered through the corridors leaning on one another for support. There was a sense, though, that these racers, oldtimers and newcomers alike, were celebrating or lamenting more than the day's events. Offshore powerboat racing may well be at the end of an era, both technologically and emotionally. While new hardware like *Kudu* will stimulate interest, it may throw a wrench at romance. **END**



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The killing of the shrew

In just a few words—nothing exhaustive, no big deal—an extremely personal view of why the hunter hunts and why the adrenaline flows

Last fall I stalked a black bear in the foothills of Alaska's Mentasta Mountains. I was moose hunting at the time and had seen the black bear in the spotting scope about two miles away. He was eating blueberries. He was a fat young bear, and I wanted him for sausage and stew meat. Mostly for sausage. Moose is better, but I hadn't seen one in three days.

The bear was feeding just above the timberline. The woods were dry and noisy so there was no way I could come up on him through the brush. For two hours I climbed along the top of the foothills, using the terrain, the washouts and

natural depressions, for cover only after I had gotten within 300 yards. This is where the stalk actually began. Bears have notoriously poor eyesight, and I was much more afraid of the wind. They have a good sense of smell and the wind was erratic, mostly working against me.

When he was about 200 yards away, I peeped over a rise. There he was, still feeding, only 50 yards from the timber. I hunt with an open-sighted .30-06 rifle and was close enough for a shot, but not a good one.

I crawled toward the knoll from which I had decided to shoot. For the first time since the stalk began, I was aware of my

heart pounding. My tongue felt swollen and my throat dry. My palms were sweating. I wondered why. I was in no more danger than I would be chopping wood. Hell, it was a black bear, not a grizzly. It would be dangerous only if I wounded him and he got into the timber. I secretly yearned for this to happen.

The bear winded me before I got to the knoll. Something told me he had, and I peeked up to see him running toward the timber. I shot twice. No-doubt-about-it misses. I watched him crashing through the brush in front of the timber. I could have shot twice more, but only with a chance of wounding him. I watched him disappear into the trees and heard him a long time afterward, crashing downhill through the brush.

Two months later, back home in Fairbanks, I sat in my easy chair watching the woodpile by the stove. I had been watching it for 45 minutes. I had a .22 rifle in my hands, loaded with bird shot. I was waiting for a shot at an Arctic shrew that I could hear scratching between the logs. I was aware of my heart pounding. My tongue felt swollen and my throat dry. My palms were sweating. I wondered why. An Arctic shrew weighs about one-third of an ounce.

I prefer .22 bird shot to any other load. It is unbelievably small, each shot scarcely larger than a grain of salt. There are more than 100 pellets per cartridge, a fantastic technological achievement for only two cents. These shells have a mouse- or shrew-killing range of about 25 feet. After that, the pattern is too large to really insure a kill. Since my cabin measures 16 by 20, I can cover the room without moving.

Being so small, the shot does not tear up the shrew at distances greater than eight feet. The brown guard hairs will be softly parted exposing the thick gray underfur wherever a shot enters the body. Usually there is white flesh exposed at the point where the shot leaves. If the animal has been well patterned, it is not uncommon to discover five or six holes, which, of course, means instant death.

I took a long pull at my bourbon and soda and set the glass on the desk next to the chair. The ice cubes had melted. The drink relieved my dry throat and swollen tongue, but my heartbeat was still abnormal and my palms sweated.

I couldn't believe it. The same physical sensations. An Arctic shrew.

I had seen the shrew three times, the

ronrau





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In 1970, convinced that the chances of finding oil were good, Exxon bought the rights to drill exploratory wells. This was the only way we'd find out for sure if there really was oil there.



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Working round the clock, it took us 25 days to drill the first well. It was 8,500 feet deep—and we discovered gas, but no oil.

We then drilled a second hole. This time, we hit oil. To find out how big the field was, we drilled several more wells. They outlined the size of the field and confirmed that oil was down there in commercial quantities.

Exploratory drilling can often take as long as five years. We were lucky. It had taken us just two.

The next step was to design and construct the oil-producing platforms which would replace the mobile rig. These huge platforms would be anchored to the seafloor directly over the field.



Platform construction and installation. We started building the twin drilling and production platforms in 1972. Construction took 16 months.

Each offshore platform has to be built specifically for the area it will work in. We have to take into account water depths, wind and wave action, earthquake possibilities, and other factors. This is why a platform built for the relatively calm Gulf will be different from one built for the fierce North Sea.

Our next step was to tow the steel structures out into the Gulf. We then sank them in place in 235 feet of water, and anchored them with pilings driven into the seafloor.

Then we added the platform decks. These included the crew's quarters as well as facilities for producing the oil.

oil to you.



Production drilling. When everything was shipshape on the platform in early 1973, we began to drill the first production well that would actually bring the oil to the surface. We drilled four wells in 1973, and seven more in 1974.

Most of the wells are drilled straight down for a few hundred feet, then slanted away from the platform base. This greatly increases the area that can be tapped from one platform.

Frequently, we use several platforms in developing an oil field. These platforms, like the individual wells, must be placed carefully to insure that the oil is recovered as efficiently as possible.



Underwater pipelaying. While the platform crew was drilling the production wells, bargemen and welders were busy laying the underwater pipeline that would take the oil from the platform to shore.

Aboard a pipelaying barge, coated sections of pipe move along a track and are welded together. Then the welds are inspected by X-rays. The joints are given the same protective coating as the pipe, and the continuous pipe is slipped down onto the seafloor.

To get the oil to shore from our new producing platform, we had to lay a section of pipeline that linked our platform with a main pipeline nearby. If this main artery had not existed, and we had to lay one, then the entire pipelaying job might have taken several months. As it was, we did it in one month.



Refining and delivering to you. The crude oil that started coming to shore this year from our production platform in the Gulf was carried by another pipeline to a nearby Exxon refinery.

Gasoline made from this crude was shipped to Exxon service stations through product pipelines and by tank trucks.

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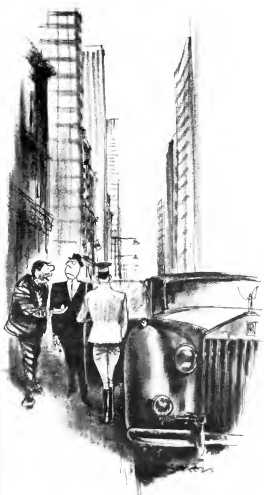
first when he suddenly appeared while I was reading. He ducked into the woodpile. I put my book down and picked up the rifle. I saw him again about 15 minutes later. He scampered out of the woodpile and ran along the back wall. Instinctively, I pulled up on him. He sensed the movement and froze, a perfect shot between the wood stove and oil stove—except for one thing. He was poised in front of the rubber oil-line hose. Then, conscious of danger, he returned to the woodpile by the same route. Had he continued on behind the oil stove I could have taken him in front of the door. By moving, I had blown that shot. I worked to program my reflexes: resist until he crosses in front of the door. After another 15 minutes I saw him for the third time when he peeked out from behind a smooth white birch log. I pulled up, and he ducked down. I waited another 10 minutes, and then baited the area between the wood stove and the woodpile with a piece of moose sausage.

I took another sip of bourbon. I was not drunk. It was the first drink I had had all day. I was slightly amused by the way my body was responding to the shrew. I am not a compulsive killer. Two days previous to this experience I had been reading in the very same chair and had heard that unmistakable shrew-mouse chewing-scratching noise. I discovered that it came from inside an Army duffle bag that lay on the floor beside the chair. Quickly I zipped it shut. There was no way out, and the unmistakable scratching noise still was coming from inside the bag. I had him. I had bagged a shrew. I hung the bag from a coat peg and later took it with me when I walked out for the evening paper. I unzipped the bag half a mile from the cabin. The shrew was dead. I think it died from fright. They are very nervous, high-strung animals. It wasn't my fault.

Conversely, I am not an armchair hunter. I have killed hundreds of ducks and grouse, a few moose, deer and caribou and one black bear.

And now I was trying to kill an Arctic shrew. He was still scratching in the woodpile. The louder he scratched, the more my body responded. By this time I was as much involved in the intellectual stalk of why this was going on as in the physical stalk of the hunt. My eyes and ears were fixed on the woodpile, my brain looked at itself.

Braun: Do you realize what a fool you are
continued



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HUNTING *continued*

making of yourself?

Brain: I can't help it.

Brain: Why did you release that adrenaline?

Brain: I don't know. It just happened.

Brain: Don't give me that. It just happened. You're supposed to be a brain. There's a reason for everything that happens.

Brain: I know it.

Brain: O.K. What happened?

Brain: I got excited.

Brain: Over a shrew?

Brain: Yes. Did you hear that?

Brain: Yes. I thought he was coming out that time.

Brain: So did I.

Brain: Look, I'd like to know who you're so excited about killing a shrew.

Brain: Because it's a life.

Brain: So is a fly. Or a musqu Shore. Do you get excited about killing a fly or a musqu Shore?

Brain: Maybe a little, sometimes.

Brain: Why should a shrew be any different?

Brain: I don't know. Maybe I identify more with a shrew.

Brain: Did you hear that?

Brain: Yes.

Brain: What do you mean you identify more with a shrew?

Brain: A shrew is more like my body than a fly. A shrew has a heart that pumps red blood through veins and arteries, a liver, lungs and a stomach. It even has a brain.

Brain: Interesting. Would it be safe to say that the more you identify with some animal, the more excited you get?

Brain: I don't know. Probably. I don't think of it in those terms. "Excited" is the wrong word.

Brain: Interesting. Then killing another man would be most exciting of all?

Brain: Yes. I told you "exciting" is the wrong word.

Brain: I realize that. But you never have given me a satisfactory reason for why you kill.

Brain: I don't know exactly why. I can't explain it. It's a ritual of the adrenaline. I like the feel of adrenaline.

Brain: Why do you sometimes feel half after you have killed something? Is it guilt?

Brain: Look, can't we drop this discussion? I'm still working on the answer.

Brain: There he is!

BANG!

Brain: Nice shot.

Brain: Thanks.

END

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Lady with a lock on life

*Even after years of bruising eye-for-an-eye and
tooth-for-a-tooth battles, the queen of the wrestlers,
Fabulous Moolah, remains the belle of the brawl*

by Pat Jordan

Ma Bass, eyes bulging, hands clasped at her chin, kneels on the canvas pleading for mercy. The Fabulous Moolah, in gold lamé tights, stands over her, holding Ma's hair in her grip and cocking a fist. In a shadowy corner of the ring Moolah's partner in this six-wrestler, mixed tag team match, Dynamite Dick Dunn, is strangling one of Ma Bass' 260-pound sons, Ronnie. In another shadowy corner Moolah's second partner, Tony (The Medic) Gonzales, is standing on the ring ropes ready to leap onto the stomach of Ma Bass' other son, Donnie, who lies stunned on the canvas.

Moolah turns her face toward the fans at ringside in Pennacola's Municipal Auditorium and, in elaborate pantomime, seeks approval to deliver the blow to Ma's jaw. The fans rise, fists punching the air, faces contorted by anger and glee, throats straining and hoarse. "Kill her, Moolah! Bash the old buzzard! Please!" Moolah nods, and her cocked fist shoots toward Ma. A split second before contact, Moolah stamps her foot loudly on the canvas and, simultaneously, Ma Bass' head snaps back and she tumbles through the ropes into the lap of a sportswriter. The fans roar and The Fabulous Moolah, wrestling champion of the world, beats her breast with both fists. The Medic leaps from the ropes. Momentarily, he is suspended in a horizontal position before landing. Donnie Bass, his target, has just enough strength to roll to one side, and The Medic lands on his stomach—whoomp—on the canvas.

Donnie Bass struggles to his feet. Ma Bass is climbing back through the

ropes. Moolah races toward the opposite end of the ring, hits the ropes, which stretch like a gigantic slingshot and then snap forward, catapulting her toward the dazed and unsuspecting Ma Bass. Before the impact can occur, however, Donnie, still groggy, accidentally staggers in front of his mother, and Moolah hits his bulk with a Thwak and a Whoosh of exhaled breath. Moolah stuffs, hands at her sides. Then slowly she begins falling backward on her heels like an axed tree. She hits the canvas, bounces once, twice, and then her arms and legs spread wide. She is still. Ma Bass falls on top of her,

While the referee slaps the canvas once, twice, three times, the 2,500 fans plead for Moolah to get up. But she doesn't, and the match is over.

While Moolah lies, unmoving, on the canvas, Don Griffin, the ring announcer, climbs through the ropes with his handheld microphone and announces the results of the just-completed match. His words are greeted with boos. Ma Bass and her sons climb out of the ring and are escorted by two policemen through rows of fans shaking their fists and shouting obscenities. Someone hurls a box of popcorn at the departing Bass family, then some ice cubes and rolled up programs, and now debris of all sorts is falling on Ma and her sons as they hurry toward the dressing room.

Back in the ring Moolah's partners are rolling her like a log toward the ropes, while Griffin, apparently oblivious, consults a piece of paper and prepares to announce the next match. He is a bland-looking man in a phosphorescent lime-colored tuxedo jacket and brown trousers that are a bit too short and expose white socks and black shoes. He resembles any one of that legion of small-town radio and television personalities—sportscasters, disc jockeys, masters of ceremony—who have never made it to Los Angeles or New York City despite what the local citizens feel is a perfect voice. And Griffin *does* have a mellifluous, if hollow, voice. It is a voice filled with inflection, words rising and rolling, dipping and fading, so much so that one tends to grow seasick listening to it. Griffin pauses between words and cocks an ear as if hoping to catch the last melodic ring. It is apparent he derives great pleasure from his ability to impart to the most trivial words a tone of import. He speaks looking up through furrowed and sincere eyebrows. "I must qualify my position," he said before the night's matches had begun. "In my long career as a public-address announcer, I have only been privileged to work with The Fabulous Moolah twice. And so I don't feel it is incumbent upon me to comment on her wrestling techniques . . . techniques. And, suffice it to say, in my capacity as public-address announcer, I am often called upon to *comment*

Moolah refers to herself as a well-traveled lady.



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Moolah continued

do many things, to wear many hats ... many hats ... and so, seldom do I get the pleasure of watching the wrestlers perform. However, let me say this, on those few and far between occasions when I have observed that well-traveled lady ... well-traveled lady, I have seen a truly great, ringwise veteran ... ahhh ... ringwise veteran ... in action. She is more than worthy of possessing that diamond-studded belt emblematic of the world champion. Some people may ask, and I am not one of them, 'Is wrestling a legitimate sport?' And I say to them ... to them ... 'You believe what you want to believe.' These men and women have been down as long and rocky a road as any minor league baseball player, and when that minor-leaguer wakes up one morning in the major leagues he can look in the mirror and say to himself, 'I paid the price.' Well, so too it is with wrestling's main eventers such as The Fabulous Moolah ... hhhmmmm ... Moolahhhh."

On July 22, her birthday, Miss Lillian Ellison, a fortyish matron from Columbia, S.C., steps outside the Hotel Edison on West 47th Street in New York City and, pointing across the street at a pretty girl, says to her gentleman companion, "Looka here, Shuuu-ga! The no-bra look! Ain't that sumthin'. You certainly don't see that in Columbia. I jes' don't know. You gotta leave sumthin' for the imagination, don't ya, Shuuu-ga?"

Miss Ellison hooks her arm into that of her companion and they proceed east on 47th Street toward Fifth Avenue, where Miss Ellison has an appointment at a beauty salon to have her hair set by Mr. Bertrand. As they walk she says, "Did you hear the one about the man and woman who went streakin' in a church, Shuuu-ga?" Whereupon a giggling Miss Ellison tells a series of jokes that, as she puts it, "ain't dirty or nuthin'. They leave sumthin' to the imagination."

"A lady always got to leave sumthin' to the imagination," she continues. "Why some of these lady athletes, they go paradin' around the locker room in front of one another staark naked. Now, that ain't decent, Shuuu-ga. Why, when I was a young girl my 12 brothers used to let me play all the games with them—baseball, football, everythin'. They used to stuff me inside an old tire and roll me down the hill into the creek. I was always skinned up. The only thing

continued

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Moolah continued

they never let me do was go swimmin' with them."

As Miss Ellison and her companion proceed, arm in arm, up 47th Street, they are the objects of curious, amused and faintly knowing glances. She is a modestly attractive woman in the manner of many small-town housewives, a bit heavy through the middle, but otherwise in fine shape for a woman of her age. She has the small, round face and knobby chin of a Susan Hayward, and like Miss Hayward, Miss Ellison wears her wavy hair pulled back off her forehead and falling to her shoulders. Her small, narrow eyes rest on high and unbelievably prominent cheekbones, a heritage from her Indian forebears, she says. She is three-quarters Cherokee. She is heavily made-up—thick punkie base, arched and penciled eyebrows, heavy red lipstick—as women tended to be during the '40s and '50s and still are in many small towns. The make-up serves a dual purpose, she hopes, beautification obviously, and camouflage for the many white lines in her face. At first glance these appear to be merely laugh lines, but they run against the grain. One runs down her forehead, over her left eyebrow and down her cheek. Another extends from the underside of her nose to her lip.

This day on Fifth Avenue, Miss Ellison is wearing a navy double-knit blazer dotted with white sea gulls, a white turtleneck, white slacks and platform shoes that add almost four inches to her height of 5'5". She takes prim, quick little steps, her clogs making a clack-clack-clack on the concrete as she walks. She weighs 135 pounds. She will not reveal her age other than to say, "Today is my birthday, Shuuu-ga."

Shuuu-ga is considerably younger, in his early 30s, with an assiduously cultivated tan and wavy black hair. He is wearing light blue sunglasses to match a Pierre Cardin shirt, a cream-colored suit and brown patent-leather loafers with gold tassels and bands around the heels. He is pleased with his trappings; around him other men his age are going to fat. He is one of those people who are always conscious of themselves, oppressively conscious in a way Miss Ellison, despite her make-up and her desire always "to leave sumthin' to the imagination," could never be. Walking with Miss Ellison, he is embarrassed because he knows how those passersby view him and his companion, chattering beside him

"Now, my first husband," she is saying, "oh, he was a handsome man. Built just like Joe Palooka, 54-inch shoulders and a 32-inch waist. His name was Johnny Long, and he was sumthin' else, Shuuu-ga, you can take my word. We got along fine at first, but then we had a conflict. He wanted me to stay home and be a housewife, but I had too much energy for that. I wanted to pursue my profession. It's one of the oldest professions, you know, Shuuu-ga. Really, it is. Why, one night I was on an airplane to Las Vegas and this gentleman beside me kept askin' me what I do that I travel around so much. I told him I was self-employed. 'Really,' he said, his eyes gettin' wide. 'And what do you do?' 'I'm just a professional girl,' I said, 'I'm in one of the oldest professions in the history of the world.' He got so excited I thought he was gonna have a heart attack right there in his seat."

"Well, anyway, gettin' back to me and Johnny Long, one night we was driven in his car, havin' this terrible fight. I climbed him in the face. Knocked out his front plate, I did. He had to stop the car and look for it along the side of the road. Now, my second husband, he wasn't bad, but he was no Johnny Long. He called himself Buddy Lee, but really his name was Pino. He was an Italian like yourself. Shuuu-ga. Well, when I got married I told my little husband—you know how you Italians are, Shuuu-ga—I told him that I wasn't gonna go lookin', but if I ever caught him with another woman he'd have to pack his bags and get. Well, I did and he did. We'd never got along that well anyway. We lived in the Bronx for a while and I hated it. I guess I'm just a country girl at heart. I love the South. I love the clean air and the grass and the trees and the way the wind blows in your hair when you're ridin' a horse. Oh, I just looooooove horses. Well, all the time we was livin' in the Bronx I was pleadin' with my second husband to take me back to the South. But he wouldn't leave. He just went out every night and shot crap in the streets until four o'clock in the morning—ain't that jes' like an Italian, Shuuu-ga? I got sick of it, so one night I packed my bags, got in the car and drove all night until I reached Columbia. I been livin' there ever since. I got a 13-room house, 30 acres of land, two lakes, horses and all kinds of animals, and I'm jes' as free as I can be. I almost got married one other time,

I was engaged to Hank Williams Sr., you know, the Country 'n Western singer who died. I looooooove Country 'n Western music. I'm good friends with Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis Presley and lots of 'em. I got a bag of bass fiddle in my livin' room, and whenever they stop by we have a jam session. Man, all night long there's a whole lot a shakin' goin' on. Sometimes, I think if I didn't pursue my present profession I would have been a Country 'n Western singer."

At the beauty parlor, Miss Ellison and her companion are met by the manager, Mr. Ron, a slim man with a large, round, shiny forehead and dark, timid eyes that cause him to closely resemble Tweety Bird. He is wearing four-inch-high platform shoes, which, like Miss Ellison's, make a clack-clack-clack as he walks with birdlike steps. He introduces Miss Ellison to Mr. Bertrand, a dour-looking man in his 40s. They talk for a moment, Miss Ellison gesturing with her hands and shaping them around her hair while Mr. Ron and Mr. Bertrand nod intently. Then they all disappear into another room. Miss Ellison's companion finds a seat against the wall and prepares for a long wait.

When Mr. Ron, Mr. Bertrand and Miss Ellison finally reappear, Miss Ellison is wearing a gauzy white robe dotted with red and yellow flowers and her hair is wrapped in dozens of pink and blue curlers. She glances at her companion, and then quickly lowers her head and blushes, as if embarrassed to be caught in an unprepared and unladylike state in which she is leaving nothing to the imagination. She sits in front of a mirror, and Mr. Bertrand begins unwrapping her hair and combing it out. "She certainly is an interesting lady," says Mr. Ron to Miss Ellison's companion. They both glance over at Miss Ellison who studiously avoids them.

"She really loves to chew gum, doesn't she?" says Mr. Ron. For the first time Miss Ellison's companion notices her jaws working steadily and rhythmically.

"You know, you really have to study people in this business," says Mr. Ron. "You have to find out where their head's at, psychologically, that is, sort of get inside their head before you can redo the outside of it, know what I mean?"

"Yes, I think I do. It's very artistic work, isn't it?"

"Very," says Mr. Ron.

continued

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When Miss Ellison's hair is finished—teased and sprayed by Mr. Bertrand she smiles broadly into the mirror. She gives Mr. Bertrand a \$10 tip and thanks him profusely, and then she takes her companion's arm and they leave the salon and proceed back along 47th Street toward the hotel. She walks more confidently now, makes little tossing gestures with her hair and says, "Oh, I feel like a lady again."

While her companion waits in the lobby, Miss Ellison goes upstairs to change. When she returns, she is wearing spike-heel pumps, a black-and-white checkered miniskirt that shows off her long legs and a silky white blouse buttoned low and exposing ample cleavage. She is carrying a small tan suitcase.

"Here, let me take that," her companion says. He lifts the bag and momentarily is pulled forward by its contents. "Kinda heavy," he says.

"Oh, is it, Shunua-ga? I didn't notice. I been carrying it for so long that I'm used to it."

Outside, he hauls a cab while Miss Ellison stands on the curb. She stands with one foot slightly forward and her hands on her hips. Her back is arched, her chin up. When her companion finds a cab he directs it to 33rd Street, and he and Miss Ellison get into the back seat. Beside him, she smells of lilacs.

"I like the perfume," he says. "What is it?"

"White Shoulders," she says. "It's the only kind I ever use. Shunua-ga." When the taxi arrives at 33rd Street, an area occupied by Pennsylvania Station and Madison Square Garden, Miss Ellison directs the driver to the side entrance of the Garden. As the taxi circles the block it passes a vast throng of people ringing the arena. Old women in faded dresses, middle-aged men in khaki work clothes, not-so-young girls in velveteen hot pants, teen-agers in Levis; blacks, whites, Puerto Ricans, Orientals—a bouillabaisse of lower-class America, all of them holding something: a camera, an autograph book with a metal lock, a scrap of paper, a

magazine, a photograph, something, as they lounge on the concrete steps, stand in expectant clusters or prowl up and down the block, looking in the windows of the cabs that pass.

"Oh, goodness," says Miss Ellison as the cab stops in front of the entrance. Her companion pays the fare, and as he does a black youth sticks his face against the glass. His eyes grow wide with excitement. Miss Ellison's companion opens the door and helps her out, her short skirt hiking past her thighs. "Hurry!" she says. "Run!" But it is too late. The black youth shouts to the crowd, "Over here! She's over here!" Faces turn, people come running from every direction. "Here! Here she is! The Champ! Champ! Moolah! Moolah! Moolah!" Hands of every shade and texture, smooth and wrinkled, slap her on the back, reach to touch her, grab her hand and shake it, thrust pens and paper at her until her vision is filled with nothing but hands. Finally, a wedge of policemen opens a path, and The Fabulous

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Moolah hurries in her quick little steps toward the doorway. Around her, fans still shout, "Atta girl, Moolah! Go get her, Champ! We love ya!" And then she is inside, relieved, and the noise outside is muffled. Faces press against the glass door to catch a last glimpse before she boards an elevator that will take her to her dressing room where she will change into her wrestling tights in preparation for her title bout with Miss Vicki Williams, a 26-year-old platinum blonde from Savannah.

In the ring, before 16,000 wrestling fans, The Fabulous Moolah is no longer loved. She is booed and hissed when her name is announced. Wearing a black cape, she taunts the crowd. She opens the cape to reveal sequined wrestling tights striped in the colors of the rainbow. Then, hands on hips, she prances around the ring, shaking her rear end at the shouting fans. Vicki Williams' name is greeted with a roar of approval, since she is younger and prettier in her royal-blue tights and since she is the decided underdog against The Fabulous Moolah, who has been the wrestling champion of the world for the past 17 years.

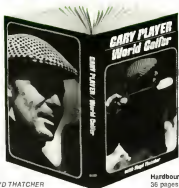
Vicki Williams has wrestled Moolah a number of times and never beaten her. It seems that despite her youth and a devastating dropkick, Vicki Williams is no match for Moolah's unorthodox and less-than-legal tactics. Early in the match, for instance, Moolah manages to break out of a headlock by grabbing a fistful of her opponent's hair and using it to throw Vicki over her shoulder. Miss Vicki lands on her back and Moolah kicks her in the head. Then Moolah leaps into the air and plummets, with both feet, on Miss Vicki's stomach. She steps off, grabs the dazed Vicki by the hair, pulls her to her feet and smacks her in the jaw. Vicki wanders around the ring on wobbly legs. Moolah puts an armlock around Vicki's neck and begins to strangle her while trying to gouge out her left eye.

But Miss Vicki, like most professional wrestlers, has marvelous recuperative powers. Suddenly, she breaks free of Moolah's hold and dropkicks her in the jaw, once, twice, three times. To escape further punishment, Moolah climbs through the ropes. Standing in the aisle, she pleads for mercy, her hands in front of her face, palms out, as if to ward off an evil spirit. The fans applaud Miss Vicki while a photographer at ringside

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Moolah continued

aims his camera at Moolah, who brushes her hair from her eyes, poses, chin up, for a second, and after the flash climbs back into the ring. Moolah offers Miss Vicki her hand, vowing in pantomime not to play dirty; she turns to the audience and pleads for understanding. The fans hiss. Moolah gets down on one knee, crosses her heart and raises her right hand. But Miss Vicki is no fool; she disregards Moolah's protestations and dropkicks her so many times that Moolah's head begins to wobble as if it is coming unhinged from her neck. Miss Vicki grabs Moolah by the hair and entangles her arms in the ring ropes until she is immobile and helpless. Then Miss Vicki charges from the opposite end of the ring, driving her shoulder hard into Moolah's stomach.

The referee intervenes. Not even The Fabulous Moolah deserves to suffer so, he seems to be implying as he tries to disentangle her from the ropes. Behind him, Miss Vicki charges again, only this time she bushes the referee, who ricochets into Moolah, and both go crashing to the canvas. They roll, a tangle of thrashing arms and legs, while the fans cheer. Moolah flails at the referee and is soon sitting on his stomach punching him with her fists. Finally she leaps up, brushes herself off and tosses her head back with disdain, as if her dignity as a lady had been violated by something the referee had done while they were intertwined. The fans hoot.

Near the end of the match Miss Vicki manages to get Moolah's shoulders pinned to the canvas by virtue of a leg hold around her neck. The referee slaps the canvas once, the fans roar, he slaps it twice, the fans rise, screaming in anticipation at this upset in the making. But suddenly, with devastating speed, The Fabulous Moolah reverses the hold and it is Miss Vicki Williams now whose shoulders are pinned for a count of one, two, three, and the match is over. Moolah still reigns. The fans, their hopes dashed with such blinding rapidity, are stunned, silent, as the champion leaves the ring.

At midnight, in the back seat of a taxi that is heading toward Jimmy Weston's supper club on East 54th Street, Miss Lillian Ellison says to her companion, "I was always a good athlete, Shuuu-ga. When I was a girl back in Columbia I used to go to those county fair days and

win all the medals in track, high jumpin', everythin'. Most of the time I beat the boys. Like I told you, I had 12 brothers and I followed them everywhere, did everthin' they did, except, of course, go swimmin'. When I was about eight my mother died and, to help me forget, my father used to take me to all kinds of events. One night he took me to a wrestlin' match, and the minute I saw those girls I said to him, 'That's what I wanna be, a lady wrestler.' Well, I wanted to wrestle so bad that when I got to high school I started houndin' the boys' wrestlin' coach. He said they never had girls on the team. I said that didn't make any difference to me. Finally, he had to let me on. Why? Because he jes' couldn't stop me, that's all. I wrestled my last two years in high school, mostly against boys, and I beat 'em, too. When I graduated, one of my brothers, who was a Golden Gloves fighter, won a trip to Johannesburg, South Africa. For my graduation present, my father asked if I'd like to go with him. I said, 'I certainly would.'

"In Johannesburg I met a wrestlin' promoter named Tiger Simpson and I began houndin' him for a match. 'You don't know enough,' he said. 'I'm willin' to learn,' I said. Then he said, 'Why you wanna wrestle, girl?' And I said, 'Mr. Simpson, we had 13 children in my family and we had to fight for every biscuit, man, so I just gotta make some money.' Then he looked at me real close—I only weighed about 110 pounds—and he said, 'You're awful small to do that.' I said, 'I'm small, Mr. Simpson, but I'm mighty.' Finally, he jes' had to give me a chance. But before my first match he said, 'We're gonna have to do somethin' about that name of yours. Lillian Ellison doesn't sound like a wrestler.' 'I don't care what you call me, Mr. Simpson,' I said, 'so long as I can wrestle and make some money.' He thought a minute, and then said, 'You wanna make some moolah, huh? Do you mind if we call you Slave Girl Moolah?' 'Certainly not,' I said.

"I wrestled there for a while, and then I returned to the States for my first real big match. I weighed 118 pounds by then, but in those days most lady wrestlers were *big* girls, and when I went to fight in Boston I couldn't pass the weight test. The promoter there told me to go home and forget about wrestlin'. He said I'd never get a match unless I was at least 138 pounds. He told him I'd be back. I went

home and started eatin' steak and mashed potatoes with butter. Every mornin' and night I drank pure cream in a glass with two tablespoons of Hershey syrup and three raw eggs. How'd it taste? Guuuuhd, Shuuu-ga, 'cause it was gonna help me be a wrestler. Well, one day I called back that promoter and said, 'Mr. Wolfe, you don't remember me, but my name is Lillian Ellison, I'm that little girl you said should forget about wrestlin' and become a secretary sittin' on somebody's knee. Well, I weigh 149 pounds now, and I wanna wrestle.' He said, 'O.K.' and I been wrestlin' ever since.

"At first I wasn't successful. I was too gentle 'cause I wanted everyone to love me. But after I lost a couple I said, 'Heh, this ain't me, I gotta be like I was with my brothers.' Well, when I finally started to let go, I started winnin' mosta the time. I learned that in wrestlin' you could act the way you feel, which you can't do in regular life. I mean, you wake up one mornin' and feel wild or sumthin', but you can't let yourself go. When I'm wrestlin' I always let myself go. Of course, there are rules, but mosta the time I lose my head and I don't follow rules if I can help it.

"Anyway, I finally won the championship one night in Baltimore. It was the most fabulous thing you could imagine. They just put 13 girls in the ring and let 'em all wrestle at one time. I beat 'em all, and then after that I had to wrestle the champion, June Byers. I beat her in two straight falls and I've been the champion ever since. After I won that night, the Maryland State Athletic Commission told me that my name, 'Slave Girl Moolah,' was a little misleadin' and would I please change it. I was so happy I woulda changed it to anything! They said, 'Well, you beat 13 girls in one night, and that's pretty fabulous, so maybe we'll call you The Fabulous Moolah.'

"Why do I do it? I luuuuhv it, Shuuu-ga! I love to travel, I love the money, and I love meetin' people. Of course, there's always the risk of gettin' hurt. I had my neck broke in Denver once. A girl jammed my head into the mat. I still have to go to a chiropractor for it. I've had just about all my fingers and toes broke. See this scar above my lip? I got that when a girl rammed my face into a turnbuckle, the metal catch that holds the ropes. Another time, a girl ground my head into a turnbuckle and cut a gash from my forehead over my eye down my

cheek. See here. The worst thing that ever happened was the night a girl jumped on my stomach. They thought I had ruptured my spleen and rushed me to a hospital. But that's about the worst thing I can remember, except for that time in Oklahoma City when I was knifed by an Indian. I was wrestlin' a full-blooded Indian girl named Celia Blevins, and after I beat her and I was walkin' toward the dressing room this big Indian guy—he was the biggest man I'd ever seen—came at me with a knife. I started backin' up, and then he took a swipe at me, cut me right here on the shoulder before the crowd closed around him and I got away. Sumthin' like that kinda scares you. You wonder. But still, I luuuuhv wrestlin'. It's been guuuuhd to me, Shuuu-ga. I hope I don't ever lose my title. Never. My God, this is the best I got."

Parked outside of Jimmy Weston's is a long line of black limousines—Cadillacs, Continentals, Mercedes and Jaguars. Uniformed chauffeurs mill about on the sidewalk, leaning against the cars smoking cigarettes, talking while their employers are enjoying a midnight supper and half listening to the singing of a soft black woman in a frilly white plantation dress. She was once the wife of Adam Clayton Powell. Miss Ellison and her companion are escorted to a long table occupied by Vince McMahon, a millionaire wrestling promoter, and his party of 20. McMahon, tall, gray-haired, ruddy-faced, half-rises to greet Miss Ellison and introduce her and her companion around the table. Miss Ellison smiles warmly at the guests, who look up and nod perfunctorily before returning to their conversations. Miss Ellison sits down beside McMahon, who says, "Good show tonight, Lil." She blushes and thanks him. A waiter appears, asks for her order. Momentarily flustered, she mumbles, "Jes' bring me what everyone else is havin', please." To Miss Ellison's right, McMahon returns to his conversation with Willie Galtzberg, the president of the World Wide Wrestling Federation. They are discussing the night's attendance at the Garden and the prospect for a future promotion. To Miss Ellison's left, McMahon's son, a massive 6'3" 250-pounder who is referred to by everyone as Junior, is discussing the relative merits and deficiencies of his \$27,000 Ferrari Daytona GTB-4 with Billy Mack, a little man with

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Moolah continued

a heavy tan and six inches of French cuffs. Muck, speaking out of the left side of his mouth in a Bronx accent, informs Junior that he has no interest in his car and would prefer to talk about Evel Knivel's Snake River Canyon jump, for which Junior has the exclusive closed-circuit television rights.

Momentarily ignored, Miss Ellison turns to her companion, who, not having eaten all day, is busily stuffing shrimp and clams oreganato into his mouth. She leans over and whispers, "This talk is sure too deep for me, Shauuuu-ga." He just nods and continues eating.

Throughout dinner Miss Ellison is strangely subdued, deferential almost, in marked contrast to the braggadocio and confidence she exudes in the ring. It is an honor to be invited out to dinner with these wealthy people, she tells her companion. Wrestlers don't usually socialize with their promoters. "But these people are so down-to-earth," she adds. "Mr. McMahon is just the most natural person. He's a personal friend of mine, really. And besides, he knew today was my birthday."

When Miss Ellison is finished eating she puts down her knife and fork and, for want of anything better to do with her hands, she begins to tug and twist her napkin on the table. Catching herself, she stops. She folds the napkin with great care until it is a very tiny square. Laying it on her lap, she places her hands over it and, arching her back slightly, she sits there silently. A waiter clears away the dishes. Moments later he reappears, bearing a white cake with a single candle burning in its center. He stands in front of the table waiting for directions. No one notices him. He clears his throat. McMahon, deep in conversation, looks up and motions toward Miss Ellison. The waiter deposits the cake in front of her and leaves. Her eyes are wide with disbelief. She flattens her hands over her lips. "Oh, Vince!" she says. "Happy Birthday, Lil," he says. From around the table, heads look up, smile briefly. There is a smattering of "Happy Birthdays," and then a return to conversation. Miss Ellison sits there, staring at the burning candle, its flame reflected in her eyes, illuminating the thin white line running over her left eyebrow and down her cheek. Her face is deeply tanned and the white line stands out clearly like the line of a river drawn on a map. Caught in the crevice of the line is a tear.

END



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A roundup of the week Nov. 4-10

GOAT—BOB SHEARER collected \$43,000 for winning the \$45,000 Chrysler Classic in Melbourne, Australia. His one-under par 243 gave him a victory over two other leaders. Bruce Devlin tied with

TRADED JIMMY COONSSEN, former W.F. Hoffmann, Manager for the Pittsburgh Penguins, to two players and future contracts (Rangers, J. N. S. 11/14/77) from Pittsburgh to the New York State 1975 first round draft pick and future contracts. Contracts will include the spring R.1. R.1. W. 11/14/77 in single South for a 1977 season with the W. 11/14/77.

LYNNE GILES paid her team, the Redskins, to a 9-0 season in the Beltsville (Md.) Catholic girls' flag football league, scoring 23 touchdowns and amassing 1,084 yards on 30 rushing attempts. Lynne, a 10th grader, also caught seven passes on her touchdowns.



TINA SLOAN and **ROMA MAUREK** are the first full-time women's coaches in Temple University's history. Sloan will coach field hockey, lacrosse and basketball while Maurek will direct the basketball and volleyball teams. Sloan previously coached basketball at Lincoln University and in college was a member of the U.S. touring lacrosse squad as well as right wing on the All-College field hockey team. Maurek has been a part-time coach on the Temple staff. Both women are full-time instructors in the University's College of Health, Physical Education, Recreation and Dance.

RICHARD HUNZ, a sophomore at Seward High, covered a 2.5-mile course in 12:20 to win the southeast Alaska High School cross-country championship. He then piloted eight of the state's best to a top All Alaska honor in his first career competition.

RALPH COULTER, 6, of San Jose, Calif., won the kindergarten hammer throw, 75 yard run and shuttle run, was second in 50 yds. soft ball throw and 50 yard run, and won the overall championship on points at Northern elementary School sports at 10:10 a.m.

[illegible]

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OKLAHOMA'S PROBATION

Sir:

As a member of the NCAA Committee on Infractions, I voted for the penalty imposed on Oklahoma and have no doubt about the appropriateness of that penalty, given the nature of the violation of which Oklahoma was by its own admission guilty (*The Best Team You'll Never See*, Nov. 4).

On the other hand, I think it is utter nonsense for the football coaches who are voting in the UPI poll to pretend that Oklahoma does not exist. Under paragraph 7 (a)(8) of the NCAA Enforcement Procedure, the NCAA could have prohibited Oklahoma from playing intercollegiate football for a specified period. It did not do so, and Oklahoma is competing. Since it is allowed to compete, it seems wholly illogical to pretend that it is not competing. If it is the best team in the country it should be so rated.

I thought that Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer displayed real class in the game against Texas. Oklahoma recovered a fumble deep in Texas territory in the final minute of play. In a year when the only thing

that Oklahoma can compete for is its ranking in the AP poll, a 10-point victory would have looked better than a three-point victory, and I think it is to Switzer's credit that he did not take time-outs in an effort to score another touchdown that would have meant nothing to the game but might have impressed those who vote in the AP poll.

CHARLES ALAN WRIGHT
Professor of Law
University of Texas

Austin, Texas

Sir:

Should probation prevent Oklahoma from claiming the national title? Yes! Yes! Yes! To crown a probationary team national champion would be to openly condone the transgressions involved and, at the same time, reward a lawbreaker for having broken the law. The No. 1 dunder belongs to the deserving. Awarding it to a probationary team would make it a tarnished thing of no luster or consequence.

FRANCIS HOEFMANN

Pueblo, Colo.

Sir:

I am not an Oklahoma fan, nor do I have any opinion on whether the Sooners should be ranked in the polls while on probation. I feel very strongly, however, that the probationary penalties that exclude a team from telecasts and bowl games unjustly penalize the football fans and, in the case of Oklahoma, players who were not responsible.

As I understand it, the object of the probation is to penalize the school financially. This could easily be done by allowing the team to be televised and, or go to bowls with its share of the money being given to charity. Additionally, as has been proposed elsewhere, a fine could be levied on the university.

W. ROBERT WATSON

Harahan, La.

BAD PRECEDENT?

Sir:

Your article *Don't Send My Boy to Harvard* . . . (Nov. 4) gives fans a progress report on young Moses Malone and, at the same time, warns of an emerging trend in

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

professional basketball: that of highly touted high school phenoms foregoing college and signing professional contracts. Malone's surprisingly successful transition will set the precedent.

JOHN LIPPZ

San Antonio

Sir:

This hardship thing has gone too far. The next thing you know, pro basketball teams will be after junior high dribblers. Moses Malone will learn the facts of life. That elbow in the ribs was just a sample of what he is going to get in the future. He'll be manhandled by more experienced players. And he'll be subject to the bench jockeying of the other ABA teams.

If only the Utah Stars had had more sense. Why give a kid fresh out of high school a multimillion-dollar contract just to learn the techniques of a three-point play? I can see Malone's point. But couldn't he have gone to college first? I call a big personal foul on the Utah Stars and the ABA. I hope they won't do it again.

JAMES P. MANNING JR.

Baltimore

LOOKING AHEAD

Sir:

It's hard to believe that in today's world of sports spectacles, SI would take the time and effort to report on Lake Placid (*Back to the Games*, *Backlog*, Nov. 4), for one, wholeheartedly agree with the concept of keeping the Olympic Games small and conducting them for the athletes, not the officials, the press or the quadrennial medal-counters.

When the IOC announced its 1990 site selections, the majority of the media chose to highlight the choice of Moscow for the Summer Olympics, with little or no recognition of the Lake Placid designation. At least SI is on the ball and ready to recognize the great expectations for and the potential of the 1990 Winter Games.

JAMES E. SHIA

West Hartford, Conn.

VOICES

Sir:

William Leggett hit the nail on the head when he labeled Vin Scully "extraordinary" in his article *A Good Look at the Series* (TV RAINBOW, Oct. 28). Scully saved millions of sports fans from going to sleep listening to the walking, talking Somnux pill, Curt Gowdy. Leggett's words about Gowdy weren't strong enough. Gowdy was a major disappointment, and his colleagues, Tony Kubek and Monte Moore, were just as bad. Living in the Phoenix area, I have the pleasure of listening to Scully on all the Dodger radio broadcasts. In fact, during the Series I turned off the sound on my TV and tuned in

continued

According to E.P.A. figures, a V-6 Buick Century gives better highway gas mileage than any other American mid-size car. It gives pretty good in-city mileage, too.

In dynamometer tests recently conducted by the Environmental Protection Agency, a Buick Century equipped with a 3.8-litre V-6 got 24 miles per gallon in the highway tests. (And 16 mpg in the city test.)

24 miles per gallon.

Of course, the mileage you get depends on how and where you drive. Century's performance in these tests was impressive.

Especially when you take into consideration that Buick's V-6 is no ordinary six-cylinder engine.

The cylinders are arranged in a "vee" rather than in a straight line. Which results in a shorter, more compact power plant. Carburetion is efficient. The engine itself is lighter than our straight six. And the horsepower is greater than that of our straight six. (By the way, like all Buick engines, the V-6 is built to use non-leaded fuel only.)

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other 1975 Buicks. A system that represents the most advanced engineering and technology Buick can offer for 1975.

The System consists of radial tires—which offer lower rolling resistance and therefore contribute to better fuel economy. It consists of a catalytic converter—which handles emissions, yet makes it possible for the engine to be tuned for good fuel economy. And it consists of High-Energy Ignition—which means you have no points or ignition condenser to replace.

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15TH HOLE

the radio when Jim Simpson and Scully were announcing. President Ford may not appreciate this waste of electricity, but I feel my personal health is more important.

STEVEN R. BRASIER

Tempe, Ariz.

Sir:

William Leggett said what 54 million of us were thinking during every game of the series:

C. S. MONSIELL

San Diego

Sir:

William Leggett asserts, "Curt Gowdy seems to know only three things about the A's and you can set your watch by them," i.e., Sal Bando's wife is an excellent Italian-style cook, the distance of Reggie Jackson's 1971 All-Star Game blast and the derivation of Calish Hunter's nickname. Shame on you, Bill! How did you miss the most repeated Gowdy watch-setter, namely, the number of touchdown passes thrown by Yoda Blue as a high school quarterback (35)?

For years, Gowdy's annoying technique of repeating the same "insights" every game has caused me to turn down the sound more than once. Among some of my favorite Gowdyisms are:

- 1) Darrell Evans' aunt who was a pitcher in a California softball league to must during any Brave telecast.
- 2) The number of ballplayers to come out of the Mobile, Ala. area to must any time Cleon Jones, Tommie Agee, Billy Williams or Henry Aaron comes to the plate.
- 3) Howard Twilley's size (during each and every Dolphin telecast, Gowdy says, "Every year they say he's too small to survive in the NFL.")
- 4) References to Cesar Cedeno's ability (Gowdy never fails to mention during an Astro telecast that Cedeno has the five prerequisites needed to become a bona fide superstar—the ability to hit, hit with power, run, throw and field.)
- 5) The peculiarities of Joe Morgan's batting maneuvers (during each and every Reds telecast there is mention, replete with notated camera shot, of Joe Morgan's twitching forearm).

And finally, the chestnut Gowdy pulls out for each and every NFL contest, "Coaches feel that if their offense can gain more than 250 yards while holding the opposition to fewer than 200 yards, their team has a good chance of winning the half game." Take it away, Al!

GERALD T. GARDIN

Boston

Sir:

I realize that Curt Gowdy and Tony Kubek are no dynamic duo when it comes to broadcasting, but they were a welcome re-

lief from Vin Scully. Maybe *really* heard very little from Monte Moore, who the Series shifted to Oakland, but a few well chosen words from him were worth more than all of Scully's excessive bombast. I wonder if Scully has ever heard that silence is golden.

TERRY GORMAN

Weston, Conn.

JACK S. COURSE

Sir:

I *very much enjoyed* the article by Jack Nicklaus' *M. J. Lawrence* (Controversy, Oct. 14). He is not only an outstanding player, but a terrific individual. He seems to have it all together. He gives the impression of a man of values, a man who appreciates the spiritual as well as the material and who has a lot of humility. Nobody ever mentions it, but Nicklaus is a good loser as well as a good winner. He never complains about a loss, he never offers any alibi. The younger generation couldn't have a better man to look up to. Maybe the older generation, also.

EDD BURNHAM

San Jose, Calif.

Sir:

If they ever get around to selecting natives for the holes at Municipal Village, they might consider "Rinolaslaus" for the 10th, in honor of Jack.

E. M. LANDRETT

Manchester, N.H.

PANNING

Sir:

I like to watch football games on TV. I like to watch pretty girls, too, but not at the expense of missing parts of the game. At first I thought that if the networks employed camerawomen we might see an entire game, but then maybe *they* would pan the crowd in search of good-looking guys. Perhaps a newer computer might be the answer, or would it become distracted by the blinking lights of the scoreboard?

In any case, I wish the networks would please keep the cameras on the game.

WAYNE FARRIS

Battle Creek, Mich.

ONERT

Sir:

The world champion Philadelphia Flyers and the world champion Oakland A's have become accustomed to the singing of *God Bless America* during their home-game rituals. I wonder if there is a message in this.

JOE TRIVIAK

Altadena, Calif.

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Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '74
Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '74